

CANADIAN HOMES;

OR,

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A Christmas Tale.

BY MAPLE KNOT.

Author of "Santa Santa's Tale," &c.

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SIMON SEEK.—This is an interesting Canadian novel. The writer evidently presents his first work, and as such, it is creditable, and will be favorably received.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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WILSON

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27 Aug. 29
exch. Univ. of Western Ontario
37m 30

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This Book, from a Canadian pen, is printed at Montreal, from TYPES manufactured by C. T. PALSgrave, Esq., proprietor of the Montreal Type Foundry.

The PAPER on which the Book is printed has been manufactured by Messrs. ALEX. BUNTIN & Co., proprietors of the Valley-field Mills, Beauharnois, C. E.

Thus it will be seen that this Work is in every sense of the word a Canadian production.

Several Provincial Editors, in their recent reviews of the Publisher's Canadian Tale of "Simon Seek," having entertained doubts whether the paper and the type of that Work are of Canadian manufacture, the Publisher begs to state that that Work is, like the present, of Canadian production throughout.

THE PUBLISHER.

P R E F A C E .

THAT CANADA is involved at the present moment in great commercial distress,—that thousands of her people are unemployed, while other thousands are flying disappointed from the country, are facts that are fast forcing themselves upon the serious consideration of every intelligent Canadian. And the desire for investigation into the causes of this anomalous state of things, in a country boasting the natural and even the artificial resources that Canada is blessed with, is daily and hourly becoming more prominent among all classes of the community.

To bring before the reader in a more popular and readable form than can usually be done through the medium of a newspaper, some of the leading features of this subject, and also to point out that which the author conceives to be the true remedy for the evil, are the objects of the present work. Not that the author would wish to alarm the reader so much at the outset, as to lead him to suppose that a whole and complete commercial policy is herein propounded. He lays no claim to any such profundity of either purpose or execution. It has been his endeavor to produce a tale of Canadian life that might beguile a winter's evening, and that might be read, without fear of any very serious consequences, by even the most un-matter-of-fact and romantic; but at the same time, through the medium of the scenes and the charac-

ters introduced, to effect, as far as consistent and convenient in a work of fiction, the other and more important object.

Although, from the first hour of his arrival in Canada, the principles here propounded have been forcibly impressed upon the author's mind as the true remedy for the existing evil, he can nevertheless lay no claim to originality in their production; for while they have long been established facts in other countries, they have already been ably propounded and are rapidly gaining ground in this. He therefore merely appears as the humble advocate, in a new form, of that which others have begun.

While apologizing to his lady readers for the little *matter of fact* that here and there appears, he would at the same time assure them, that he has not therein altogether forgotten them; since he has, in consequence, paid more attention to the interest of the plot, and to the little technicalities of construction that would assist in counteracting certain intrusive horrors, than he might otherwise have done.

Confident in the soundness of the principles of which this little work is the humble advocate, he sends it forth as a mite in the cause; and, at the same time, he ventures to hope, that while this, the first Christmas Tale of Canada, is necessarily a tale of poverty and depression, the next,—should he be favored to write another,—when those principles shall have obtained and done their work, will, by the same rule, be a tale of progress and plenty.

THE AUTHOR.

Toronto, 15th December, 1858.

CANADIAN HOMES.

CHAPTER I.

THE SETTLER'S HOME.

Sore pierced by bitter winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty !

THOMSON.

COLD and cheerless and melancholy was Toronto that day. Dreary were her broad highways with the deep, deep snows. Away through the solitary streets, across the fields, and in the trees and on the housetops, and far away upon the silent Bay, it was all snow, snow everywhere, all snow. A bleak wind came sweeping from the north, over the great white ridge, down into the broad plain, and through the town, and across the lake ; heavy black clouds hung threateningly above, all laden with snow—more snow ; and there was a great drift, and a great wailing of the uncomfortable wind about the streets, that made it very melancholy indeed. There was a sullen, uncomfortable gloom about everything and everybody, that only so black and wintry and desolate a day could conjure up. Even the very

houses looked disaffected and gloomy, and loomed sullenly down upon the deserted streets, and shrunk up together, and shivered and moaned and complained like very mortals; the windows were all dark and abandoned, and seemed to speak ominously of the melancholy within; the solitary sleigh-bells, that every now and then sent their monotonous jingle through the cold, damp air, were all dispirited and out of tune, and full of discord that filled one with very wretchedness to listen to; the few people in the streets were the most disaffected of all, and they were all muffled up in their furs, and shod with moccasins, and their faces were distorted with the cold, and they jostled uncouthly against one another when they happened to meet in the narrow snow-track along the pathway, as though they were all there against their will, and were all afflicted with the gloominess of the day, and must hurry homeward at all hazards: except a straggling few who might be seen stalking moodily along, with gaunt bodies, and haggard faces, and ill-clad forms—looking wistfully into the hard-faced shops and at their well-clad fellows that brushed them by on the foot-way, while the silent petition seemed engraven on their stark features, and to appeal from their shivering forms, “Oh, it is very cheerless and very cold! Ye have a home to fly to, but I have none; or if I have, it is where the bleak wind enters and the snow drifts in, and where poverty has robbed the fire from our hearth.”

If it was dreary and miserable in the heart of the town, in the very midst of the luxury and wealth and comfort of the peopled city, it was doubly so away in the suburbs, upon the bleak moors, where the thinly scattered tenements were scarcely visible above the deep, drifting snows—where dwelt the humble denizens of toil, the children of many ills, the unfortunate, the destitute; there the malicious wind scampered about, and howled and moaned and caught up the unwilling snow and dashed it against the miserable dwellings, and went round, and round, and round in search of an aperture at which to enter, and then flew screaming away again disappointed at having found none, as though its malice were directed alone against the poor, the miserable

the wretched, the helpless—like a thing of the world, the strong against the weak, because they have no power to drive it from the door or to shelter them from its rude attacks.

Yea, blow, and howl, and rave, O wind! thou hast a part to play in the great drama. Some of thy victims are very miserable already; thou mayest add yet a little to their bitterness—it is but another item in the great catalogue. Yes, some of them are very wretched already—yea, even in that desolate little shanty around which thy exultations are so glad—they are very helpless within, there is no want of apertures for thy entrance, they cannot drive thee forth—then enter upon them, O wind, and we will follow thee!

It was one of the most dilapidated and desolate-looking shanties of the whole collection—and dilapidation was not wanting among them. The one solitary window that it contained was broken, and rudely patched and filled with rags; the rickety door appeared to be with difficulty supported upon its hinges; the steps and other dispensable portions of the woodwork had been torn away to assist to drive out, for the moment, the common enemy, that its removal but the more freely admitted; and altogether it was as inhospitable and desolate a dwelling as might well be supposed to shelter any portion of the representatives of so fair and noble a being as the handiwork of Eden.

The interior was no less miserable and uninviting than the exterior. There was but one room, and from this the wood-flooring, the mantlepiece, and the woodwork in various parts, had been removed—the smoldering embers on the cheerless hearth proclaimed for what; the little furniture that there was, appeared to have shared the same fate, for it was broken and mutilated and disfigured, until its remains seemed only fit to follow the rest; the wet snow had found an entrance in many places, and lay in cold, wet patches about the floor, and the bleak wind came screaming in and out, chilling every corner and crevice with its icy breath. Surely it was very cheerless and very cold in that home that day!

Two young girls, a very little boy, who was crouched down in the chimney-corner, and the mother, who had a child in her lap, were its inmates. The girls and the mother were seated on the remaining fragments of the broken furniture, crouched around the few smoldering embers on the hearth, with their bodies shrunk shiveringly up, and their faces buried in their hands as though they endeavoured to forget their misery for a little by shutting out its image mechanically from their minds. The elder girl, who might have been between eighteen and nineteen years of age, raised her head every now and then from her hands, and threw her eyes sorrowfully around the hovel, and then upon her weeping mother, and upon the little boy who was crouched away upon the cold hearth; and as she withdrew them again and covered them again with her hands, there was a wild expression of grief upon her countenance that was the more deep and distressing from the silence in which it was wrapt. And that countenance was very beautiful—it surely was not moulded to be the tenement of grief; and yet that grief, that strange intruder upon the face of its loveliness, could not rob it of its beauty—it was beautiful still, though the sorrow that troubled it was very deep. Her hair hung loosely about her shoulders and was much dishevelled, and her cheek was flushed; but there was a calm, placid beauty beaming from her full, dark eye, and engraven upon every feature of that quiet countenance, that negligence could not disguise, nor all the wretchedness that surrounded her undo: there was something of heaven in that hovel, although the black things of earth frowned so terribly there, and might have driven it hence.

The younger girl was much less beautiful than her sister, although the same style and the same regularity of feature—the origin of which might still be traced in the haggard and careworn, but still well-formed countenance of the mother—were discernable in a less degree, and rendered her pretty and interesting, if not decidedly handsome. There was too a reckless expression in her bloodshot eye, as she raised her head from her hands, that, in the midst of so much wretchedness, seemed to

inspire one intuitively with unquiet apprehensions—for there was that in her look that showed that her troubles were making their way, with a strange voice, to her young and untutored soul. There was a shadow of the same expression, too, upon the countenance of the other, although it was so softened and becalmed by her superior beauty as to be scarcely perceptible; and it seemed to look ominously forth, and to whisper strangely to the soul of the unhappy mother when she lifted her eyes to the trouble-dcountenances of her beloved ones; for as she looked at them silently, she shook her head sorrowfully to and fro, and, burying it again in her hands, sighed and wept, and hugged her babe to her heart, as though a new grief had overwhelmed her, and the words of consolation she would have spoken had fled her lips.

“Oh, mother, this is very hard, it’s very hard!” cried the elder girl, starting suddenly and pressing her hands feverishly against her forehead. “We can’t starve, mother, and whatever can we do?”

She rose to her feet and commenced pacing the room about, with her hands still clasped to her head and her eyes fixed stedfastly on the ground, and for some moments appeared deep in thought. Her mother followed her with her eyes, and watched her anxiously as she moved to and fro; but she was too full of her own silent sorrow to be able to console her with words.

“Mother, mother!” cried the girl, stopping and looking earnestly into the poor woman’s face, “we are very miserable—all of us. Look at them! Can anything be worse than this? There is no work; there’s none in the whole country. Father has tried, and Mark has tried, and we’ve all tried a thousand times; but it’s useless, quite useless. Oh, must we, must we starve like this, mother?”

“Then I wont; so there!” said the younger girl, striking her clinched hand upon her knees. “I don’t know what father ever wanted to stay in a poverty-stricken country like this for, when he could have got plenty of work in the States if

he had gone when he could ha' gone. Well, I wont be like this. I'd as soon die first, that I would ; so there."

The poor unhappy woman looked from one to the other with a half-terrified glance, as though she read a something in those agitated features and that ominous language that was more to be feared than all the misery that at present encompassed them.

"No, no, Madeline, Ellen, it will not come to that. A little patience ; we must have a little patience," she said tenderly.

"I don't see patience is any use," said the younger girl sullenly. "If we couldn't get work in the summer, how can we get it in the winter ? It's all nonsense."

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," cried the elder girl, Madeline, "don't speak so cross to mother ; it's not her fault."

"I know that," returned Ellen ; "I wasn't speaking cross ; so there."

"Well, it is very hard, mother, isn't it, now?" said Madeline, "that we should be in this dreadful state, when we are all willing to work, and when there is plenty of work in the country too, if the Americans didn't rob us of it all, as the gentleman that makes the shirt-collars told us they do. And it don't matter what it is, if its book-folding, or envelopes, or anything at all that we are able to do, it's all done out of the country, while we are left to starve or beg, or to do anything we can. And there are hundreds of poor girls in this very town just the same at this very moment. If father or Mark could get something to do, it wouldn't be so bad ; but there's nothing for anyone in the whole country, that there aint. Oh, whatever can we do, what *can* we do?" she cried, wringing her hands and pacing over the wet floor in great distress. "Mother, dear mother, you cannot be like this, you cannot, you cannot!"

"Patience, Madeline, patience," said the mother. "It can't last long like this ; something must change soon."

"Oh, it's a long time. Is there, is there any hope at all, mother?" cried Madeline, falling on her knees by her mother's side, and looking up almost wildly into her face.

"No, I don't see none ; so there," said Ellen. "It aint rea-

sonable. Wouldn't all the hundreds of people that's out of work be glad to work if they could get it? But they can't; no more can we, then. This place aint like a country, where the foreigners does all the work, while their own people's starving, that it aint; a child could tell that. Whatever did father go and come here for? We never had such rags as these about us before," she said, pulling disdainfully at the tatters that formed her covering.

The mother listened to their complaints with a troubled countenance and a beating heart, and it was with great difficulty she could find words to comfort them; for as she looked into the dark future that spoke so ominously from their pleading eyes, there was no comfort *there*. She was still engaged in her anxious task, when the door of the hovel was thrown hastily open, and a ragged little urchin, who might have been some ten years old, came bouncing into the room, with his small arms laden with firewood, and his ragged little body almost smothered in snow.

"There you are, mother," said the boy, throwing the wood carelessly into the fire-place; "here's some wood."

"There's a good, dear boy," said the mother, caressing him. "But how cold you look; you must be frozen. Where did you get the wood from, Johnny?"

"Well, I *got* that, mother," said the boy evasively.

"But where, Johnny?"

"Well, there's no one would give me none, no where," replied the boy carelessly, "and you must have some fire, you know, mother, so I *got* that, I did, and I'll get some more too."

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, you've never stole it?" cried the unhappy woman, giving the child to her youngest daughter and kneeling down and looking earnestly into his dogged little countenance. "My dear, dear Johnny, you haven't stole it, have you?"

"Well, then, perhaps I have," returned the boy doggedly. "Why wouldn't they give me some? then I wouldn't. You must have fire, mother—I wouldn't done it for myself. Besides,

Tom Williams does it, and he says there aint no harm in it, if you can't get work to buy it. So it's all right, mother," he continued, bouncing carelessly away.

"No, no, Johnny, it's very wicked; you must take it back again, you must Johnny," cried the mother, "You mustn't be a thief for your poor mother, Johnny. We can go without fire, but, no, no, you mustn't be a thief. Now do take it back, there's a dear boy," she said, taking it up and endeavouring to force it again into his arms.

"No, I shant take it back, so now," said the boy, snatching it from her and throwing it back into the corner, "when you're all froze, and there aint a bit of wood in the house. There, keep this, this time, mother," he added, taking hold of her dress with both hands and looking comically up in her face, "and perhaps I wont take no more."

Well, boy thief! and what says even-handed justice to thee? Do its ministers behold in thee the seeds of which our prisons reap the fruit? Do they see in thee the germ from which culprits grow? And is their hand stretched forth with an antidote against the poison that is already in thee, or have they nothing but the scourge wherewith to water it and make it grow, that our prisons may not be empty nor justice out of work?

"And look here, mother," continued the boy, pulling a small silver coin and a crumpled note from his pocket, "here's a dime for you besides. A man gave it me to give this letter to Mad."

The cheek of the girl became deadly pale, and her hand trembled violently, as she caught the letter from him, and thrust it between the folds of her dress; but she said nothing, and her confusion was the more conspicuous. The poor woman watched this strange confusion of her daughter with an alarmed countenance, and the tears came gradually to her eyes as she stood gazing on her in silence.

"Oh, Madeline, Madeline, what is it—who is it from?" she cried at length. "Is it from William, Johnny?"

"No, it's not from William, mother. It's from a gentleman," replied the boy.

"Oh, Madeline, how strange you look; do tell me what it is," cried the distracted mother. "Look! here comes your father—I must tell him."

"Oh, no, no, mother—don't, pray don't," screamed the girl falling on her knees and clutching imploringly at her mother's dress, as she caught sight of the shadow that at the moment passed across the frosted window towards the door. "I will tell you all—I will—I will. You will not tell him, mother?"

"Oh, Madeline, my poor dear Madeline," said the wretched woman, falling on her knees and clasping her in her arms, "this poverty—this dreadful poverty will destroy us all. My Madeline—my poor Madeline!"

Come, ye fair ones, ye well conditioned, and look on this! It is now the time of feasting, and dancing, and making merry, and your revelries run high; but ere ye are too far gone in the intoxication of your many pleasures, will ye not turn aside but a little from the beaten track of your smooth highway, and look on this? If we indite a fable and there is no reality in the portrait, then may your ear be deaf; and it is well. But if it be so that the human blight is stretching to your very doors—that these are the stern realities of the day, that multiply as the years roll on, and make our cities big; then it were well, O ye happy, and contented, and prosperous, that your ears were opened and your hand stretched forth—for if ye cannot find them shelter and bread for the hard toil with which they would willingly buy it, it were better to make them beggars for the time and extend to them the cold hand of charity, than to let loose the fierce fiends of penury upon them, or to drive them terrified and disaffected from our shores. They have no will to be beggars, nor to fly from the land that will give them bread. They ask only to toil that they may live—to labor that their little ones may not cry for bread! Why, then, in this great land, is their petition vain? Why, where the wealth and riches that would make an empire great, are slumbering untouched and unheeded in our midst—where nature has been very bountiful and has spread forth a banquet that might satisfy the millions of a small world—where

there is no lack of material wherewith to build up a great structure, and to make an empire prosperous!—where this is so, why is the genius, the enterprise, and the skill of the Anglo-Saxon race found wanting, so that the poor scanty few that are thrown upon the surface of this great wealth, are wanting bread, and are flying in thousands from our shores to carry the warning to distant lands?—they are poor and penurious, enervated—go not there. This is the mystery, O Canadians, that ye have to solve; and if ye will arise and look around on your affairs, ye will find that the time has come!

CHAPTER II.

POVERTY AND INDOLENCE AT WORK.

Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

GRAY.

WELL, why linger on the threshold, thou gaunt figure? Why do thine eyes moisten and thy hand tremble on the latch? Surely thy heart should leap and thy countenance grow glad, for it is thy home, and thy little ones await thee?

Behold him there upon the threshold, ye fathers and husbands of happy homes!—his heart throbs and his soul sinks within him—he fears to meet the gaze of his own: can ye count the sum of his great sorrows?

In, man, in! there is no help for thee! misery and thee are well mated; thy figure will not scare it from the hovel—thy form is haggard, thy visage lean, and thy clothing rags.

His name was Mordaunt. He had with his family emigrated to Canada in the hopes of bettering his condition and of finding a home for his little ones. But instead of plenty, he was met by poverty on the threshold; instead of the din of thriving industry, the ring of the anvil, the glad sound of the loom, and the teaming press,—the lamentations and complainings of the distressed and disaffected filled her cold highways, and the fond hopes that had bore him across the ocean were blasted in the outset. It is for you, O Canadians, to answer why!

The children loved their father, and the wife her husband, and they stilled their grief as he entered. But there was a dead, ominous silence that all their love could not dispel, and a pallor on their cheeks that no affection could mask; and its icy whis-

perings sank deep into his heart, the plaintive smile was withered from his countenance, and he stood and watched them with an abstracted gaze, as though he doubted if he had done well in crossing the threshold of his own home.

"Come, Edward," said his wife, who had already read in that bewildered look that he had returned hungry and empty from the cold world without, and that no success had attended him that day,—“Come, Edward, don't stand there in the cold, you foolish fellow. Come, come and sit down by the fire—you must be very cold; and, dear me, you can't have had anything to eat since the morning. Johnny, make up a good fire, there's a dear boy—and Ellen, get father some dinner, there's a dear. We didn't wait for you, Edward, because we didn't know when you might be home. I'm afraid it is very cold out of doors to-day, Edward, isn't it?”

"Margaret," said her husband, looking gratefully and tenderly into her pale face,—“Margaret, you are very kind,” and he shook his head and his body trembled with emotion, and he seated himself and buried his face in his hands.

Thanks, thanks to thee, Margaret! yea, it is a holy tenderness that inspires thee. He knew not the pang that shot through thy mother's heart, as thine own lips did encourage thy little one, the boy-thief, to kindle the stolen fuel that his sorrowing father might be made a little glad. Yea, and it was a holy tenderness that taught thee to conceal the emptiness of thy scanty larder, and to fable the daily meal to his ear. Yea, and he loves thee for it. And when the dark day is past, and thy summer has again returned, thy reward shall be very great.

"Margaret," said her husband, as soon as he had sufficiently overcome his emotion, “it is no use disguising it from ourselves any longer: there is no work of any description to be got in the country. There is but two alternatives left us, Margaret,—either to remain here and starve, or to leave it before it is too late.”

"Well, Edward," returned his wife, “while there is an alternative, we mustn't do the former, must we?”

"No, Margaret," said her husband. "It is a frightful journey in this weather, and I suppose it is useless to look for any assistance to help us through it; but it is the only hope. This is really a strange country, and I am sorry I came to it. They can't give us work at anything, no matter what—young or old; and yet, although we're thereby left a tax upon charity and the country, they seem to be almost horrified at the thought of our running away from it, as they call it. I wonder which is best, for 'em to have their streets empty, or to have 'em filled with beggars and vagrants?"

"Well, it's very sad," said his wife; "but perhaps they can't help it, Edward."

"Yes, Margaret," he resumed, looking round almost wildly upon his ragged and dejected children, "but why can't they help it? Why can't they help it, Margaret?" he continued, fixing his eyes thoughtfully and strangely upon his eldest girl. "What's the reason of all this misery? If the Almighty had made the country a waste, howling wilderness—if he had made it barren, and there wasn't all his bounties a laying useless at our feet—then we'd have no right to complain. And then it isn't, Margaret, as if there was no work in the country. Look at it. You can't go outside the door anywhere, but what you'll see where the foreigners has took the bread out of our mouths. There's the work—used and worn and wanted in the country. We could ha' done it jest as well—equally as well; and yet there we are, bound and chained down hand and foot, so to speak, while the foreigners brings it all here before our eyes, and takes our money away to make foreign homes happy, while we're obliged to starve and beg, or anything we can, and see it done. Is that justice—is it anything like justice?" said the poor man, becoming excited with the gross and cruel absurdity of the picture.

Yes, Mordaunt, thou art right! it is a strange justice, or justice is blind indeed. Thy unpretending simplicity can fathom deeper than the learned lore of them that declaim in our council chambers, or thy simple plaint had not been heard. Thou

mayest well wonder. Greater simplicity and greater wisdom than thine may marvel at that strange policy that will feed and clothe and make happy the stranger, while the little ones of its own household are wanting bread.

"Oh, father," said the younger girl, "I wish you had made servants of us. Why can't we go into service?"

For some time her father looked silently and thoughtfully into her earnest eyes, and then shook his head.

"No, child, no," he said at length: "you have not been brought up to it. Why should I make you servants—why," he cried starting to his feet and pacing the room about, "should I send you from your home to slave under another's roof? I am not an enfeebled old man that wants his children to feed him. I could ha' broken up my family and sent them hither and thither, to slave for others, at home, without coming to a strange country to send them adrift in. No, child, it would gain us nothing; and it is now too late if it could. We will leave the country together. I can't leave you behind, or I'd go alone. But I couldn't leave you the few days' bread you must have before you could hear from me. We must all go, Margaret—I shall always have you under my care then—and we can beg our way together."

Madeline, who had been sitting apart since her father entered, with her eyes fixed upon the ground in sad, thoughtful silence, looked up into his face as he said this, and, as his eyes wandered mechanically into hers, he saw that they were full of sadness, that her mind was troubled, and he bent tenderly over her, and, laying his hand affectionately on her aching head, he said,

"Madeline, my girl, you mustn't let it prey so upon your mind. It will soon be over now. William will go with us, Madeline—I have just seen him; and your brother, Mark, poor boy:—we shall all go together. So you must cheer up, child, and you shall have a new dress before Christmas now."

"No, no, no, father," cried his daughter, clinging passionately to his arm, "we cannot go! Poor mother could never wade through the deep snows—it would kill her—it would kill us all—I know it! It's better to remain where we are. Mother, dear

mother," cried the girl, throwing herself at her mother's feet and clutching wildly at her dress, "you must not go—you shall not go. I know what would come of it, and I would sooner die—or anything than let you go—I would—I will, mother!"

The mother looked upon her daughter. Their eyes met, and their souls read each other; and the leaping heart of the ardent girl was turned back into its chamber of ice, and her tongue clove to the roof. She rose silently to her feet, and, seating herself again in her own silent corner, became again wrapt in the melancholy of her own thoughts.

There are strange thoughts in thee too, Mordaunt, and thine eye is troubled as it bends upon thy beautiful girl. She loves thee, Mordaunt—yes, she loves thee. But love is not always wise, and humanity is very frail. She is thy daughter, Mordaunt, and her distress has bewildered her: watch her, as thou lovest her!

It was evening. The wind had ceased to howl, and to beat against the hovel, the pale moon sent its sickly light through the solitary casement, and the inmates had gathered about the last smoldering embers of the stolen fuel to talk over their contemplated departure on the morrow.

"Mark will go, Edward, wont he?" said Mrs. Mordaunt. "I wonder where he has been all day? Have you seen him since morning?"

"No, poor fellow, I have not," returned her husband. "He is almost driven distracted, and who can wonder? There he is, as good a workman at his trade as need be, and, we all know, as industrious a lad as ever was until he came to this country. But, poor fellow, here he is out of work—not so much as earning his salt, week after week, and month after month; and, then, who can wonder that he falls into bad company? It's not the poor boy's fault—that it isn't, although it won't do to tell him so. But it can't be wondered at. Yes, he'll go, and only be too glad to."

"Oh, mother, mother," cried the younger girl, rushing towards her in a listening attitude, as though she were alarmed by some noise without.

"Oh, Edward—hark, hark!" screamed the mother, rising in great alarm, "the fire-bells! Oh, Mark, Mark, my poor dear boy, where is he?"

Mordaunt rose to his feet and listened, and appeared but little less alarmed than his wife, as the alarm increased and spread from bell to bell, and the shouts and tumult in the distant streets seemed to indicate that it was a conflagration of some magnitude.

"Quick!" he cried, "Ellen, give me my hat—poor deluded fellow. Don't be frightened, children. I hope it is not so."

He was just about rushing to the door, when it was thrown violently open, and a tall, ragged, wretched-looking figure entered and slammed it hastily behind him, and then, throwing his arms wildly about, with a careless, drunken air, exclaimed,

"Hurrah! there goes another. Work, mother, work! We'll soon have you out of this, if we have to burn down the whole town for it. Fire, fire for ever, mother!"

"Mark," cried Mordaunt, taking the wild figure sternly by the arm, "I've warned you before. You shall not take shelter here, if you do this. You are my son, Mark," he added, grasping him firmly and attempting to push him before him, "but I don't care, I'll not harbor an incendiary. So, go where you will—you shall not shelter here!"

"Oh, Edward, Edward, this time," cried his wife.

"Bah, what now!" growled the half-drunken boy, flinging himself out of his father's grasp. "We want work, don't we? They are all rich—we take care of that—then let them build them up again. Justice—that's all we want—justice!" he cried, throwing himself down upon the floor before the fireless hearth. "Look," he continued, pointing wildly round upon his shivering mother and sisters, as they stood terrified in the centre of the room, "they want fire and food, don't they? Burn them all out then, that's what I say, and what I'll do too."

"I tell you, you shall not hide here," said the father. "If you don't come and assist in undoing what you have done, I'll inform against you, Mark, although you are my own son—I will

Mark. Good God!" he exclaimed, as he threw open the door, and beheld the deep, red glare that had already spread upon the sky, lighting up the white house tops and the snow-clad fields with a lurid horror. "Good God! here's a sight! Mother, make him come. You hear what I say: I'll not stand it, though I am his father. Heavens, heavens!" cried the distracted man, throwing out his arms towards the peopled city as he dashed away through the snow, "see, you blind rulers, what you make of us! We come to ask for labor, and you make us criminals—criminals, and destroy us!"

Come, then, ye great champions of the people, and look on this! Ye that clamour for the people's rights, and make them drunk with your political fables, look on this! No fable is here. The alarm has often sounded in your ears, and the lurid glare hung its canvas o'er your housetops. Then, can ye quench the agonies of that father's breast? Can ye dry up the tears that flow from the eyes of that outraged mother, and can ye still the beating hearts of her famished little ones as they cling about her skirts? Yea, they come to labor, and behold, then, what they are!

The young man took but little notice of the excitement he had occasioned, and, instead of following, he stretched himself out at full length upon the boards, and began to argue incoherently, in half-drunken sentences, the justice and propriety of what he had done. The mother returned weeping to her seat, and said but little, for she saw that he was in no mood to be reasoned with: and presently there was silence in the hovel, and each became wrapt in his own afflictions.

They had been seated in this way for some considerable time, when the figure of a man passed stealthily between the moonlight and the frosted window of the hut. It passed and repassed several times, and then disappeared. Madeline's were the only eyes that observed it, and she almost instantly rose to her feet at its first appearance—her cheek paled, her eyes wandered feverishly round the room from her mother to her sister, and then to the moonbeam on the window, and she was greatly agitated—but they saw it not.

She stands there. Her eyes are on her mother, and they are full of tears. She wrings her hands silently together—she is struggling with herself, and with the great love that fills her breast for the dear ones of her home; she is struggling with the despair that broods upon the face of her young soul; she is much distracted, and she is struggling with many things. Can ye divine the emotions that heave her breast, and make her young heart to throb as she stands there before them, uncertain what to do? Ye cannot tell. Then neither can ye judge her. The soul is a strange power; and there is but One that reads it, and reads it well. No; ye cannot tell.

"Why, Ellen," cried Mrs. Mordaunt, suddenly starting up from a long reverie, "where's Madeline?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied the girl. "I didn't seen her go out."

"Why, yes, bless me—and her bonnet's gone. Why, where can she be gone?" cried the mother, rushing to the door.

It was very calm without. The moon shone down plaintively upon the white snow, and there was no wind stirring, but it was very cold. Madeline was not there. She called out her name, but no Madeline replied; and the mother read, in that ghastly paleness and that appalling calm, another page in the volume of her many sorrows.

She rushed back into the room, and endeavored to arouse the drunken boy, that now lay stretched upon the floor in half-drunken unconsciousness.

"Mark, Mark! your sister Madeline, she's gone. Quick, there's a dear boy. Go after her, Mark, your poor, dear sister. Oh, Madeline, Madeline, my poor girl!"

"Gone where?" said the sleeper, raising himself on his elbow and looking vacantly into the face of his mother.

"Oh, Heaven preserve her, I don't know where. Mark, go after her, if you love her, Mark. Bring her back, bring her back, Mark!"

He passed his hand over his fevered brow, and looked vacantly round the room, and appeared but dimly to comprehend her

"Madeline gone!" he said, raising himself to his feet. "Where gone? How—when did she go?"

"But just now, Mark. You may save her—you may find her—but, go—go after her. It will kill me, Mark, if anything should happen!"

"Mother," said her son, who seemed suddenly aroused to a new consciousness, "she has never gone with—have you seen anything of any one that might—do you know him, mother? Never, it cannot be—the poor girl wouldn't go like that. Come, give me my stick. I'll catch them—never fear. Poor girl, poor girl! Come, there'll be other crimes than fires come out of this! I'll find them, never fear—never fear, mother!"

So saying, he rushed wildly out, and turned mechanically into a small snow-track that appeared to have been recently made through the white waste towards the town.

The father returns from the scene of the wild depravity of his son. His wife and his daughter and his little ones are weeping bitterly together, and his heart sinks deep within him as the lamentations fall upon his ear.

"Margaret, what new calamity?—why do you weep?"

"Oh, Edward, dear Edward, our Madeline—our poor dear Madeline is gone—gone, I know not where. And, Edward, I mustn't tell you what I fear."

He reads it in her weeping eyes, and from that deep agony on her brow it pierces to his soul.

"Margaret, we must find her. Quiet your fears till I return. She was always a dutiful girl, and surely there is no contagion in the country that they must all turn bad. We must find her."

He waits not to pour out his grief into the air—she is his daughter, and she is dear to him; and he is gone again, through the deep snow, and the fierce weather, with a bleeding heart and a burning brain.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME DESERTED.

Forced from their homes a melancholy train.

GOLDSMITH.

THE night had passed; and the grey, cold morning had begun to dawn, and its sickly light came through the casement into the hovel. And what saw it there? A mother and her little ones nestling together and courting the balmy sleep, the harbinger of heaven, that should bring peace to the troubled soul. Behold them! She is crouched in a corner, where the snow has drifted in and mingled its icy particles with the damp straw, and the hoar-frost has thrown its mantle about her, and the bleak wind is not shut out. Her babe is clasped upon her breast, and its feeble breath is frosted on her dishevelled hair, as it hangs in thick, cold icicles upon her brow.

She starts and lifts her head, and her blood-shot eyes are darted towards the door. She listens, but all is still without; and, with a heavy sigh, she lays her down again, and presses her infant to her heart. Again she starts and lifts her head, and again and again; and again, with a sigh, she sinks back upon her pillow. Her breath is heavy, and her eyes are closed against the darkness of her home, which the dawn discovers; but in all that long, weary night, the kind solace of sleep has not come to her for one short moment to steep her sorrows in its sweet oblivion.

Her daughter is crouched beside her, and she moans and mutters and starts in her slumbers, and her teeth chatter with the cold, and she throws her arms in the air, and cries to have the

snow kept out; and there is no peace in her slumbers, for her couch is very cold. On the other side is the boy-thief. And the mother often turns a sorrowing look upon him, and puts her arms about his neck as he calls in his sleep for bread—and she sighs heavily and presses him tremblingly to her heart, for it is a sound that fills her mind with many terrors.

Come, then, ye well-conditioned, ye dreamers on beds of down, that while away the midnight hours in sweet delusions and soft slumbers that refresh the soul—come ye, and look on this! It is no fable: the originals are around you!

The morning had far advanced, and the eyes of the unhappy woman, which had been long and anxiously rivetted on the door, were closed in partial unconsciousness, and the children about her had become more restless and fretful as the time approached for them to awake to the real distresses of which their dreams were but the shadows, when the door was thrown gently open, and the bent and haggard form of the father and husband of all that misery came noiselessly in. His manner was calm and ominously quiet, and a resignation to his many troubles seemed newly engraved on his countenance. But as his eye fell upon the slumberers, the quiet of his manner forsook him and he recoiled back, and, clasping his hands together, cast up a look towards heaven that seemed to pall the very darkness through which it pierced.

He stood motionless and dumb, with his eyes fixed for several seconds immovably on the sleepers, and then, with a heavy sigh, he turned away, and, opening the door again very gently, motioned to some one on the outside to enter.

It was a young man, who, although the clothes about him were ragged and unwashed, and his beard was unshorn and his features haggard, was well-formed and might have been even handsome, and he carried in his manly and open front a living index to the goodness and generosity of which his soul was wrought. He carried some firewood in his arms, and, having laid it noiselessly on the hearth, he commenced to kindle it into a fire.

"Thank you, thank you, William," said Mordaunt; "you are very kind, boy."

"Oh, Edward, Edward," cried his wife, starting wildly up at the first sound of his voice, "where is she—have you brought her back?"

"Margaret, child," replied her husband, looking at her tenderly and speaking with a forced composure, "she is gone from us for a time. God only knows for what end. He will bring her back, Margaret; but we must leave her, poor girl, in his hands for the present. It is a great, great calamity, and might almost break our hearts—poor dear child!—but we must keep our grief, Margaret; we have much to do. We have a sacred duty before us this day."

The poor woman looked at him wildly, and, uttering a faint cry, fell back upon her pillow.

"Margaret," he resumed, kneeling down by her side and laying his hand upon her burning head, "we've lost her for a little time; but however dear she may be to us, in the sight of Heaven she is only one. There's four still left to us, Margaret, to provide with bread and to keep from the bad path. Shall we do our duty, Margaret, or must they all suffer for one? We can save *them* from a like or a worse calamity; but she, poor child, if her own goodness doesn't protect her, is past it, and we can only reclaim her. It is a sacred duty, girl—we will give her our prayers, but we must leave her for the present for others to seek. William and her brother have sworn to find her and bring her home. Come, children, you are very cold here. William has made a fire: let us get round it for the last time. We have much to do, and I look to you all for obedience and fortitude, and Providence will do the rest."

Mrs. Mordaunt raised her eyes to her husband and pressed his hand fervently in her own. She rose quietly and calmly from her icy bed, and there was a composure and serenity on her countenance through which he read her resignation; and his heart swelled, yea very full, with kindly emotions towards her as he beheld the great struggle that her affection would

make to obey and follow him wherever his counsels might advise.

"William," she said, addressing the young man who was busying himself with the fire, "you are very kind. We all thank you, we all thank you."

She looked at him and shook her head sorrowfully, and he returned her look in sad, impressive silence; their souls read each other, but their thoughts were too sacred for words and they were both silent.

"Children," said Mordaunt, when they were all gathered round the fire and their last morsel of bread had been distributed among them, "we are going to leave this place in another hour. It is the only chance left us, and, although we shall have to encounter many hardships on the journey, we must all endeavour to bear up under it as well as we can, and, by the help of Providence, we shall get through it. You know the Bartons and the Williamses, Margaret? well, they are all going—they are now waiting for us. So we shall make a large party and keep each other company on the road. They have succeeded between them in making a large sleigh for the purpose, which we can ourselves draw by turns when no other means offers, and so assist the children and them of the party as are unable to walk. So you see we have no choice: we must go to-day, or remain altogether where we are."

"Must we, must we indeed go, Edward?" said his wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder and looking the thoughts she dare not speak. "Oh, it is a terrible alternative! Poor Madeleine, my poor girl!"

"We don't leave her, Margaret," replied Mordaunt: "her brother and William stay behind. You can trust them?"

"O yes, yes, yes," she cried. "You will stay to find her, William?"

"I would gladly ha' gone with you, Mrs. Mordaunt," said the young man, "gladly, but now ——" he shook his head and looked at her earnestly, but could say no more.

"You are very good, very good," said the poor woman. "You *will* find her, William—you will bring her home? She was very miserable here—nobody knows how miserable, and we mustn't judge her yet. You will bring her to us, William?"

"Mrs. Mordaunt," cried the young man, striking his hand passionately on his knee, "I know her, Mrs. Mordaunt; and I'm sure there's something we don't know of. Don't judge her wrong, Mrs. Mordaunt; don't go to judge her wrong. Something may be wrong, but it isn't Madeline. Wait till we see her home agen, then we can tell, Mrs. Mordaunt. Mark and me has undertook to find her, and we'll do it."

The mother looked her grateful thanks to him, and the father grasped him warmly by the hand. He was much agitated, and it was easy to see, that, while he defended the unfortunate girl so nobly with his tongue, there were yet strange doubts crowding upon his mind that all his honest faith in her goodness and innocence was insufficient to dispel. He rose from his seat as he spoke and commenced pacing disturbedly about the room, and the silent tears were in his eyes. They could read from their own hearts the distress that troubled him—they knew that he had loved her, that he loved her still, and they allowed his grief to flow forth uninterrupted—they had no consolation to offer that would be acceptable to his ear: and there was a long silence in the hovel; and the mother and the father prayed in secret for their lost one, while her lover wept.

"Mordaunt," said the young man, seating himself again after his first burst of grief had subsided and taking little Johnny between his knees, "we've had a great deal to go through since we come to this country. Who'd ever a thought it? We was ten times better off at home. We could get *something* to do there, at any rate. But here it seems all alike—whether it's girls or boys or men, there's nothing for any of 'em. Why, I never see such a country. It didn't matter where we was, surely if it was anywhere at all, some of us'd be able to do something or other. But here there's nothing going on at all; and if you don't happen to be able to do farm laborin' (and

what does mechanics and boys and girls brought up in a town know about farmin'? and it seems to me there aint too much of that either), why, you must act'ly be destitute—there's no help for you."

"It's wrong, William," said Mordaunt, "there's something radical wrong. There 'd never be so much misery, so many thousands and tens of thousands in actual distress, in a fine country like this, and so thinly populated as it is too, if there wasn't something radical wrong. I can't say anything agen the country; the Almighty has made it a fine country, there's no denying it; then more's the pity, and the wonder that it's like it is. I wonder the people don't see it, William."

"And besides," continued William, "if they've got no work in the country for any one that comes to it, what do they want to go and make such representations to people when they're comfortable at home, for to get them out here when there's nothing for them to do? It's unjust, that's what it is."

"It is William, it is," said Mordaunt, warming with the honest indignation that he felt when he reflected what it had already done for him and his family, "to bring people away from their homes and raise their expectations by such statements as we've read. And then when we've broke up our home, and parted with everything to make a struggle to get here and to bring out our families, look, look what we find! This is the home we gets in exchange for the one we've left—this is the reward we get. What do they think? Do they think that because a man's poor—'cause he's a honest, working man, that he's no respect for his family? do they think it's nothing to have to break up his little home, humble as it may be, that it's took him years to get about him and that he's come to love? Do they think it's nothing for his wife and children to leave their friends and their 'sociates who has been their companions from babes, who has become dear to them in a thousand ways, to go among strangers who they never knew? Is this all nothing? And should we ever ha' come out here if it hadn't been for the newspapers, and them pamphlets that

came from this very town? No we shouldn't. And was they true? If they'd told us there was no work to be got, that there was thousands out of work already, should we ever ha' come? Should we ha' broken up our homes and left our friends, and spent the last shilling we had saved from our hard earnin's, to come here? Then I say it aint right—it's cruelly unjust, and no one can say it isn't. There's something wrong, William, there's something wrong."

Yea, Mordaunt, thy plaint is not wanting foundation; there is something wrong. Yes, we should surely remember, when we send out our invitations to the credulous children of the distant world, when we call upon them to break up their little homes and fly them for a strange and far-off land,—we should assuredly remember, that, be they ever so humble, those homes are very dear to them; their affections, and friendships, and pleasant ways are entwined about their hearts,—the sacrifice is great, and their reward should not be scant. Yea, we should have something to proffer them in return. It is a poor recompense indeed to greet them on the threshold with the skeleton hand and the famished eye, and to thrust them forth into our silent and inhospitable cities unrecked of and unfed, to swell the tides of distress that our penury or our policy has already multiplied about us. The host that invites the stranger to his board, is surely mindful that there is no famine in the house and that his larder is well stocked. Ye are a great host, O Canadians! your household is very large; and when the stranger comes invited to your board, houseless, and hungry, and wayworn with travel, and with a heavy heart for the home that he has left, he looks to *you* for the hospitality of an entertainer of strangers,—he looks in justice, he looks in right: are your arms open, are your larders full, or is there famine in the house?

The preparations of the family for their departure were few, and they were made in silence. So terrible did it seem to the Mordaunts to drag their little ones out from the cover of even so poor a home, into the deep snows on that long journey, and so

more than terrible was the thought of leaving their dear unfortunate girl behind them, that they dared not trust themselves, as the scanty preparations proceeded, even to look into each other's countenance or to utter a word. And it was not until they stood ready to depart, with their worthless little bundles at their feet, and their hearts beating, and the silent tears streaming down their eyes, that Mordaunt could summon sufficient fortitude to break through the silence; and it was then with visible effort and a half-choked utterance that made it doubly distressing.

"My dears," he said, "we have a long and dreary journey before us, but every step will take us farther from our misfortunes and bring us nearer to a home where I hope we may all again be happy. Therefore, children, that should encourage us, and enable us cheerfully to overcome the difficulty. But there is one thing that must make our journey very gloomy: our numbers aint complete. Providence has willed that we must leave her behind. We all love her, we all love our Madeline dearly, very dearly. Then let us kneel down, let us all kneel down and commend her, our poor lost girl, to Him that can save her, and ask him to bring her home again, to that home that we goes away for to seek, where we may all be happy again, which is his will that all his creatures should be."

They fell down on their knees about him, they raised their eyes to heaven, their hands were clasped fervently together, and they prayed for protection in that long and bitter journey that lay before them; and the daughter and sister that was wandering from the fold was committed to the care of Heaven.

They rose from their knees in silence, and, being all in readiness, they each took up their little burden and went forth from the hovel.

It was a poor shelter indeed; it was bleak and cheerless and inhospitable; but yet they looked back on it with beating hearts and tearful eyes, and stood lingering on the threshold as though it were hard to tear themselves from it, inhospitable as

it was. Mordaunt looked back on it, and then round upon his wife and little ones; and as he beheld them there, out upon the bleak world without a shelter and with only rags to cover them, his fortitude seemed fast deserting him, and he clasped his hands wildly together and stood as if uncertain what to do.

"It must be, Edward, it must be," said his wife, laying her hand encouragingly on his arm; "it is our duty, and Heaven will assist us."

"Thank you, thank you, Margaret," he said; and with an effort, he shook off the dark forebodings that were crowding into his mind, and led the way: and they followed him, and so were houseless and unprotected in a bleak world of inhospitable snows.

Poor unhappy wanderers, fugitives from your country and your home! whither go ye?

"We go to the land that will give us bread,—to the land that will find us labour for our hands, that our little ones may be fed!"

Come, O ye Canadians—come, ye *men of the people*—ye patriots and statesmen—and look on this! Ye that clamour so loudly for the people's rights—that arrogate to yourselves to be the guardians of the common weal—that claim to be patriots, and to be very zealous for the common good,—behold the exodus from your country for want of bread! Yea, ye would have them well represented in the Senate House—ye would have no lack of statesmen to defend them against corruption and wrong—ye would win for them great Reforms, that they may be very free—ye would make a political elysium, that the surplus thousands of the Old World might be charmed to it for its great freedom; but even while the sound of your discordant voices is ringing in their ears, the people are flying in disappointment from your land—the cry of the unemployed and the disaffected is sweeping away across the ocean, to scare the emigrant and the adventurer from your shores! and your Canada, with all her natural greatness, is being deserted at home and depreciated abroad. Your constitutional reforms may be very well, but they will avail the

people but little if they are wanting bread. It may be well to make them free, and to defend them from corruption and wrong; but if it be only that they may wander at large and unmolested in search of food, why, then will their freedom avail them little. What will that poor family—those distracted parents and their little ones, as they wander through our inhospitable snows, thrust out from our country to seek in a foreign land the labor which she refuses to find them,—what will they care for your constitutional reforms—what to them is that liberty that is only a liberty to starve?

Is the country barren—are our resources overtaxed or withered up—and is there no great wealth lying latent at our feet—that no one is found to put forth the hand to stay even so much as that one poor family from carrying the tidings of our poverty engraven upon their haggard faces, and crying aloud from their rags, to make Canada the sport of her more wary neighbours?—that no one is found to stand in the breach and stay the voice of our poverty, that is even now sending its warnings across the Atlantic to wither up the sources of our future progress? This were a great cause, and might engage a patriot indeed.

“We go to the land that will give us bread,—to the land that will find us labour for our hands, that our little ones may be fed!”

Mark where they go! Your neighbours can receive them—they can feed them and find them labor and a home—and *why*? Has nature been more bountiful in their country—is their comparative wealth more abundant—are the people more skilled—have they any great fountain of prosperity which ye have not?—or is their *policy* different? This is the mystery, O Canadians, that ye have to solve!

CHAPTER IV.

MADELINE.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labored in her breast.

POPE.

It was with a distracted mind and a leaping heart that Madeline quitted on that eventful night the inhospitable roof that was called her home. It was a calm, clear, frosty night; the pale moon shed a hallowed and subduing influence over the great white world; the stars were very bright and very still, and seemed to have assembled in unusual force, as though they found pleasure in being out together and keeping company with one another on so cold a night; the crisp snows were all slumbering and very quiet, except when they were disturbed by an unwelcome footstep, and then they shrunk up together with a gentle complaint and returned again to their slumbers. But the heart of Madeline was very full and her mind was very troubled, and the solemn beauty that pervaded the stillness about her had no charm for her then.

She stood for some seconds by the door of the hovel in feverish hesitation, and her eyes wandered wildly about as though she had expected to encounter some one near the spot; but there was no object about. She appeared disappointed for a moment; when, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew forth the letter from her dress, and, after running her eyes hurriedly over it by the assistance of the moon, she again replaced it, and, gathering up her ragged dress out of the snow, was on the point of moving off in the direction away from the town, when her footsteps seemed arrested as if by an unseen hand,

and, darting back, and throwing a pitiable glance towards her hovel-home, she stood before it, wringing her hands together in a paroxysm of grief.

"Oh, my mother—my poor mother!" she cried, falling on her knees in the snow, "forgive me, forgive me—it is all for the best. You are all so miserable, and I may help you. You will all forgive me, wont you—wont you?" and her shrill, earnest, pitiable cry ascended on the calm night air, and the very moon seemed to pale and the fair stars to shrink back in pity—for their night-vigils had not often been broken by so much anguish from lips so fair.

Rising from her knees, she hurried on noiselessly through the snow in the direction before indicated. She continued wading on for some considerable time—past the multitude of low, melancholy-looking huts that rose up here and there out of the white pall, like uncomfortable ghosts, with their faint, solitary light struggling through the frosted casements, and speaking ominously of the darkness and desolation within. But her mind was too full of her own sad thoughts to be much troubled with the wretchedness of others, and she hurried past them with her eyes cast down upon the ground, and seemed only to observe to avoid them. When, however, any more conspicuous indications of distress distracted her attention, she would turn more hastily away, and, with an involuntary shudder or a half-stifled sigh, shut it out from her view, for it rose up before her like the reproving ghost from the darkness of her hovel-home.

Arrived at the open part of the roadway known as Cruikshank's Lane, she stopped and looked about, as though she expected to have encountered some one near the spot. But when she saw there was no one there, she turned round and looked with an almost terrified glance upon the snow-track that her fugitive footsteps had just traced. She stood there hesitating and bewildered, she clasped her hands together, and looked piteously up to heaven, and for some moments seemed doubtful whether to return or what to do. But suddenly she dropped her head and let fall her hands, and, uttering a half-articulate

exclamation, she turned wildly round and plunged again through the untrodden snow, across the road, into the white field beyond it, and hurried on towards a desolate little broken-down shanty that stood away by itself at some considerable distance from the road-way.

Even so does the strange spell that fascinates us on to the goal of our ruin, go unbidden before us; and even so do we follow, with our blind souls, into the snare. Can ye tell what it is, and whence it comes? Ye that have never felt the strange influence of its strange power, can ye tell what it is? and can ye give the counter-charm to the poor unwilling wretch that is wiled away, by the brain-poison of its subtle breath, from her innocence and virtue?

The building to which she bent her steps was an old, dilapidated wooden shanty, that had long since been deserted, and given up to the bats and the bull-frogs for their nocturnal mummeries. The windows were all gone, the roof was broken in, and the wooden walls had been torn away to make fuel for the fireless hearths in the neighborhood. The pale moon and the stars had free access, and the snow lay thick upon the floor, and there was no sign of life any where about, for the frogs were all dead and the bats were gone; and a very lonely and desolate place it was.

Arrived at the building, she looked again about, and, seeing no one, she entered, and, seating herself upon the broken sill in the pale moon-beams that came through the shattered roof and burying her face in her hands, she gave way to her silent grief, and the hot tears trickled down between her fingers and fell frozen in fantastic shapes upon her dress.

She had not been seated here long, when the sound of an approaching footstep upon the crisp snow without, fell upon her ear. She started to her feet and looked cautiously out; and when she saw who it was that approached, she clasped her hands together and fell hastily back into the further corner of the hovel.

It was a young man, tall and thin, and to all appearances

well proportioned—although he was so completely enveloped in furs and overalls, that it would have been somewhat difficult to have formed any correct estimate whatever concerning him.

He came direct to the building and looked carefully in, and, failing to discover any one at the first glance, he uttered a low murmur of disappointment, and was about to draw back, when a second glance revealed to him the form of the trembling girl, as she stood there under the shadow of the broken woodwork with her head averted from the opening.

"Why, Madeline, my darling!" he cried in a soft, effeminate voice, advancing hastily towards her with his arms extended. "Come, come, my pretty one, why so shy to ——"

"No, no, no, sir—no, pray don't," cried the girl thrusting out her hand in a half-terrified manner.

He drew back a few paces, apparently in some surprise at this reception, and it was some seconds before he again spoke.

"Why, Madeline," he said at length, "what are you here for, child, if you are so much afraid of me?"

"Oh, sir," sobbed the girl, averting her face and shrinking more into the shade, "I told you what would bring me, even if I thought you could deceive me. My mother, my poor mother and sisters. Will you help them, will you help them? You said you would, sir."

"Help them," replied he; "to be sure, my good girl, haven't I told you so? They shall have all they want. Say what it is, child, and they shall have it. We must make them happy, my Madeline, because we want to see you happy. Come, come, my pretty one, you shall send it to them this very night with your own hand," he added, advancing again towards her. But again she thrust out her hand and shrunk back.

"Oh, you will not deceive me, you don't mean to deceive me, Mr. Grantham!" she cried, clasping her hands before him and raising her burning eyes to his. Yea and that look might have softened a very fiend; but the passions of a libertine soul are not measured by so mild a standard; fiends may be merciful, but the human passions must be fed.

"Deceive you, my darling ; why do you think so ? No, Madeline, by all that is dear to me I have no such thought," he said, taking her clasped hands between his own, and looking into her upturned face with an expression so very frank and uncompromising that only hypocrisy could have moulded it. "Come, child, come, you are very cold, you must not remain here," he continued, perceiving that he had gained some ground. "Bless me, you are not half clad. My poor Madeline, so cold and so distressed, isn't she ? Here, this will keep you warm, my love," he said, removing one of the outer garments from his own person and wrapping it about her.

She stood motionless and irresolute as he did this, but offered no resistance, for even that was a strange comfort to her ; and surely those words were very soft and very smooth, and might well have deceived a more wary victim. She is very young, and her innocence and credulity are good sport for thy cunning. Thy conquest will be worthy thee, for she has no weapons to interpose.

"I need not ask you for your answer, Madeline," he said, again bending over her with that same frank hypocrisy. "Your friends shall be well cared for ; they will be *my* friends to-morrow. It must be to-night, my sweet one, or circumstances may baulk us altogether. I have a few matters to arrange ; they will not take long. Let me see : how can we arrange it ? We must not be seen together yet, my love ; that might spoil all. Do you think you could remain here, with this cloak about you, for a quarter of an hour ? By that time I might have everything arranged. I will send a sleigh for you, and meet you myself in another part of the town. Shall it be so, my love ?"

She made no reply ; and her extreme agitation showed plainly that she was too much bewildered and perplexed with the whirl of emotions in her brain, to tell what to answer or how to act.

"Come, Madeline, my love, my pretty one, let us not lose time," he said, seeing that she made no reply and finding her

tears becoming tiresome. "I will send for you in a quarter of an hour. You will trust me, Madeline? and here," he added, removing a sparkling ring from his finger and placing it tenderly on her own, which she unwillingly yielded him, "this shall be my pledge to you. There, Madeline, if diamonds could make you more valuable, you are now worth a hundred pounds more than you were a moment ago; but they can never make you dearer to me, can they, eh, my pretty one," he continued, kissing her hand and looking all that was tender and loving into her tearful eyes. "So good bye, good bye, my love," he added, adjusting the cloak fondly about her and motioning her to a spot that was better sheltered from the weather; "one little quarter, my Madeline, and we meet again."

"No, no, no," cried the girl, as he moved away; "I cannot, I must not."

"Only a quarter, Madeleine; you have nothing to fear, we shall soon meet again—you have my pledge. Good bye, good bye; God bless you!" he cried, and, without waiting for a reply, he hurried away at a rapid pace and was soon out of sight.

For a long time, Madeline stood motionless where he had left her, with her hands stretched out imploringly before her and her eyes glaring wildly after him, as though she were petrified to the spot. When she saw that he was gone and was out of sight, she fell down upon her knees and raised her head and her eyes distractedly to the bright, clear heavens, that shone down through the roof: and there was an eloquence in that silent prayer that words have never known.

Yea, shine into her heart, thou pale silver moon, and ye bright ministering stars; there is virtue and there is great tenderness in your soft, pale beauties, and ye are fit messengers of peace to a virgin's heart in the calm solitude of the night! Yea, whisper to her young soul, and turn her again to that innocence on which ye love to shine!

Her eyes became fixed where she had turned them, her body was almost motionless, and she had seemed scarcely to breathe for a considerable time, when she suddenly fell forward in the

snow with her face clasped in her hands, and sobbed aloud. She lay there in her tears a long time, and then she rose, calmly and quietly, and looked up at the pale moon, and, as its silvery rays shone down upon her countenance, she looked so beautifully melancholy, so serenely sad, that the angels might have envied her, and loved while they envied.

"No, mother, no," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully, "I will not leave you. You would only curse your poor Madeline. No, no, you would not do that, you were always so good, my mother. What, what could have made me think to leave you? And you, William—dear, dear William—I do love you—I do—oh, can you forgive me? Oh, William, William, how could I, when you were so good! It was very cruel to think to make you all so miserable. But it shant be—I'll go back, mother—William, dear William, I'll go back!"

Her voice became half stifled with her renewed sobs as she thus told her repentance to the moon, and, as she concluded, she moved hurriedly out of the hut, and, in the heat of her fervour, was about to rush away through the snow, when, as her hand moved before her face in the moonlight, her eye fell upon the glittering ring upon her finger. She shrunk involuntarily back, and a new perplexity appeared to trouble her.

"Oh, what, what can I do with it!" she cried. "Why did he leave it with me! He said it was very valuable, and I know not where to send it to him. Oh, must I see him again; I cannot take it away. Oh, mother, my dear mother, I'm afraid to see him again, and I must return it! Oh, why ever did I take it from him!"

As she said this, and her eyes wandered out towards the roadway, she descried the figure of a man making his way across the field towards the hut.

"Well, well," she said, smoothing down her dishevelled hair and removing the tears from her eyes, "it must be. He seems kind—perhaps he may be good to us yet. I will see him and return it, and then I'll go home. And then, mother, William, I will tell you all, and I know you will forgive me."

As the man approached, she soon perceived that it was not Grantham. And she was something alarmed to discover, when he had arrived sufficiently near to be seen distinctly, that he was a colored man, exceedingly ragged in his attire, and altogether by no means the sort of person she would have expected to have found in the service of Grantham.

"Hab de lady cum dare!" cried the man as he came up to the hut.

Madeline had instinctively shrunk back into an obscure corner of the building, and, although there was something very mild and good-natured in the man's voice, she could not summon courage to reply.

"Genleman hab sen' for de lady—hab she cum?" pursued the man, thrusting his head into the opening. "Why, dare you am," he continued, as his eye fell upon the girl. "Why don't he answer to he name? Color man no harm de lady; berry sure ob dat."

"Oh, are you really sent by Mr. Grantham, then?" said Madeline, coming timidly forward.

"Genleman no tell him name," returned the man, "but him say I hab to tak de lady frob dis house. Him in berry great hurry, so him say. Hab be ready, miss; de sleigh hab a waitin' at de road."

"Yes, yes, I will go with you," said Madeline, considerably reassured by the ingenuous manner of the man. "Come—is it far?"

"Not berry far, miss."

"Do you know the gentleman who sent you?" asked Madeline.

"Never see hib afor to day, miss," replied the black.

Madeline appeared anxious if possible to elicit some information about the character of her young admirer, more than the few clandestine interviews she had already had with him had afforded her; but she soon saw that the man knew less about him even than herself.

She entered the sleigh, and the man, who evinced a consider-

able disposition to hurry, threw the ample buffaloes about her, and, mounting the box, drove off at a rapid pace towards Queen street, and thence down Bathurst into King street.

Arrived at the east end of King street, they observed the young man, Grantham, at a little distance before them, standing by the road-side awaiting their arrival. He was looking about him on all sides, apparently in a state of great excitement, and he waved his hand to the sleighman to hurry him on, quicker, faster, as it drew nearer, until it appeared to Madeline that they must shoot past him a considerable distance before they would be able to stop.

"Drive on, drive on," he cried, throwing in a carpet-bag and leaping in himself as the sleigh was running. "Faster, man—faster!"

"No, no, no," cried the terrified girl, "pray stop—do stop—I—"

"Silence, silence, my good girl; you don't know what you are doing," cried the young man, who was violently agitated and kept looking wildly behind him, and still urging on the driver.

"No, no, I'll not go—I'll not go! Pray let me out!" screamed the girl, getting greatly alarmed.

"Nonsense! I tell you it will all be right, child," returned the other, endeavouring to keep her quiet. "On, on, man. It's life and death, girl, I tell you. On man, on!"

"No, I'll not go!" cried Madeline, rising to her feet. "Driver! help, help! Do stop—pray stop—I'll not go!"

"Here, stop ha," said the driver, reining in.

"Go on—drive on, I tell you!" shouted the other. "Confound you, drive on!"

"No, no, him stop," said the driver, suiting the action to the word. "Dare hab subting wrong here. I no driv' de young lady 'bay widout her will—nebber."

So saying, he jumped down from his seat, still keeping the reins in his hand, and came forward to the girl's assistance. At the same instant, Grantham, after casting a terrified glance up the road behind him, whispered something in Madeline's ear,

which instantly caused her to fall down in the sleigh as though she had been shot, and, on looking behind her up the road, she saw another sleigh coming towards them, and, screaming out with a fright, she fell back almost insensible in her seat. Taking advantage of the confusion into which the poor fellow was thrown by this strange proceeding, Grantham seized hold of the black by the collar, and, striking him a violent blow in the face, that with the assistance of his other arm sent him reeling back upon the snow, snatched the reins from his hand, and, lashing on the horses, scampered away down the road at a break-neck rate,—harder, faster, as though his life were staked upon the result.

“Help he, help he, massa,” cried the black, scrambling to his feet as the other sleigh came up. “Him am run away wid de poor gal! Quick massa—him off—de poor gal!”

“Hollo!” cried the new arrived, “were you in that sleigh? It’s a young man, isn’t it?”

“And de poor gal,” cried the black; “him tak her away widout her will.”

“Come, quick! jump in, then,” said the other; “we’ll have them. He’s got a girl too in the job, has he?”

“Yes, him run away wid the poor gal,” said the black, as he bounded into the sleigh by the other’s side.

“Ay, he’s got more than that. Now for it—wheugh!” cried the other, and he applied the lash, and gave the rein to the horse, and dashed away in pursuit, at a rate that bid fair to make good headway upon the fugitives, notwithstanding the desperation that seemed to urge them on.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCENE CHANGES.—ANOTHER HOME.

Hence, loath'd melancholy !

MILTON.

ON the evening following that on which the incidents just recorded occurred, and consequently on the evening of the same day in which the Mordaunts were driven from their miserable home, two men were seen hurrying along Queen street in a state of intense excitement, in pursuit of a sleigh which was dashing over the snow considerably in advance, in an easterly direction towards Yonge street. The men were raggedly and scantily clothed and exceedingly wretched in appearance. One of them especially appeared furious in pursuit, and dragged on the other with wild gestures and exclamations, that made the passengers shrink involuntarily from them as they passed, and look after them in alarm.

"Come on—come on, man," cried the most excited of the two; I tell you it's him. I saw him. I could swear to him—the white-livered whelp! He wont muffle himself out of my sight. Come on—I'm in good humour to meet him—come on!"

"Don't act madly, Mark," cried the other, quickening his speed to keep up with him. "He has no one with him. It may not be him. Be careful: we want *her*, not him, Mark."

"Come on—I tell you I know him!" cried the other. "Look! he has turned into Yonge street. Come on, man! the young devil will escape us now."

By the time they had reached the corner, the sleigh was some

considerable distance up the street, and they were just in time to see it turn off into one of the streets to the right. As they gained this street, it was just on the point of turning again; and so on, street after street, until there was every prospect of their losing sight of it altogether.

"Confound him," cried Mark, "wont he stop, wont he stop! We'll soon see. Stop—stop there!" he shouted in a tremendous voice, at the same time drawing a pistol from his breast. "Stop, I say, unless you want this bullet in your head!"

"Hold—don't be mad, Mark!" cried his companion, attempting to seize his arm.

"Wont he stop!" shouted Mark, not heeding the other's remonstrance. "Stop there, you villain!" he bellowed forth as they turned another angle, and at the same instant a loud report rang through the silent streets; but the sleigh was by this time out of sight.

"Hold—stop!" cried the other, seizing him by the collar and holding him back. "You are going mad, Mark. What good can that do?"

"Heyho, heyho! What's this, what's all this?" exclaimed a long, extensive individual, rushing down from the steps of a house on the opposite corner.

"Yes, yes, indeed," cried a second individual, who followed in his rear, "what public outrage now? Here, young man," continued the second individual, keeping judiciously in the rear, and pulling a large note-book from his pocket, "stay—I'll just make a note of this, if you please. Now, what's it all about, eh?"

"Why murder, if you like," replied Mark. "At any rate, I'd advise you not to come in its way."

At this instant, the parlor window of the house from the doorsteps of which the two individuals had descended, was thrown hastily open, and a round, plump, semi-bald head, with a large bunch of half-grey whiskers on either side and a very fat chin, came as hastily out, while a very fat, comfortable-sounding voice, but a little alarmed, called out from the same,

"Bless my soul, didn't I hear a pistol? What's happened—who's shot. Does any one want any help?"

"Oh, it's all right, Borrowdale," said the first individual; "don't be alarmed. It is just one of those attempts to destroy public confidence on the Queen's high-way. A piece of rowdyism—that's all. Don't be alarmed."

"Why, Fleesham, is that you?" cried he from the window. "Why, and Squobb," he continued, addressing the individual number two. "It surely was a shot, wasn't it?"

"Don't alarm yourself about what you've nothing to do with," exclaimed Mark, brandishing the pistol in the air. "Come on, Bill. We've lost him for this time. But all the devils below won't save him yet. Come on—never mind them"; and so saying, he dragged the other after him, and they both hurried off up the street together.

"Hi, young man—stop," cried he from the window; "here, I want to speak a word with you—just a word! Here, Squobb, just be good enough to stop them, will you. Tell them I've a word to say to them—just one word." With that his head suddenly disappeared from the window, and just as suddenly made a re-appearance, accompanied by appurtenances, at the street door.

"What, are they gone! Bless my soul, what a strange thing!" he said, presenting the whole of a very corpulent person, trembling in every limb with benevolent excitement, full in the door-way. "Why, Fleesham, I suppose you had just come up?"

"Just at that moment," returned Fleesham. "Talk about public confidence," continued Fleesham, casting his eyes upwards to the moon and apparently addressing his remark to that luminary; "why, our very streets are not safe. Confidence, sir," cried Fleesham, bestowing an emphatic nod upon the silvery orb, "confidence is at an end, sir! there's no such thing in the country!"

"Why, Squobb," said he whom they called Borrowdale, perceiving that that gentleman had become abstracted over his note-book, "a paragraph for to-morrow? Well, what can you make of it?"

"Public men," said Squobb, coming up suddenly from his abstraction and putting up his note-book with the air of a man conscious of having performed an important public duty,—“public men must always take cognizance of things of this sort. A thing of this sort, in which the liberty of the subject is menaced by violence and rowdyism in the open streets, demands the attention of every one who has the public good at heart. When the legitimate candidates for our prisons are found at large upon the streets, intimidating the peaceable among the community by midnight violence, then is it time for those that are in the position to do so, to demand, in the name of the people, the why and the wherefore.”

“Well, come in, come in,” said he whom we will henceforward call Borrowdale; “don’t stand there in the cold. They are gone, poor fellows. I suppose there is some reason for it all, that we know nothing about. Come in, come in. My dears,” he said, as he led the way into the parlor, addressing evidently his wife and daughter, who were seated at the table engaged in some kind of needlework,—“my dears, Mr. Fleesham and Mr. Squobb. Laura, my darling, will you give place to Mr. Fleesham? I think he has a predilection for that corner.”

Mr. Fleesham protested that really, upon his word, no such predilection existed in his mind. But Laura—who was a little sublunary angel of about eighteen springs, with a vastly pretty face, and a pair of perfectly irresistible little orbs therein, that seemed brimfull and flowing over with love for everything and everybody—said, “Oh, Mr. Fleesham, how could he? when she knew, and pa knew”—and shaking her head roguishly at him by way of completing the sentence, she darted off to another seat, by the side of mamma, who put a very small curl into its proper place over her forehead, and smoothed down her golden hair with her hand, and smiled round complacently on her visitors, as though she would have said, Now really, seriously speaking, did you ever see the equal of Laura?

Half a fraction of a glance into that little heaven of a parlor were sufficient to have satisfied any one, that if such a thing as

an approximation to complete sublunary happiness did really exist anywhere among sublunary things, it was there, in that very parlor, in the bosom of the Borrowdale family. Mrs. Borrowdale, who, like her husband, was just corpulent enough to make it a pleasure to behold her, was evidently endowed with all those qualities of feature, and amiability, and good sense that alone have the power to create that sublunary paradise out of mortal woes that we so often read about but so seldom see. And as for Borrowdale himself, surely no one that saw his well-conditioned person rocking to and fro in that great Yankee institution, the adult cradle, with his feet stretched out upon the comfortable rug, his spectacles on his nose, and his jolly, cheerful face glowing in the blaze of that other great *English* institution—the English fire that blazed away in the grate,—could have entertained a doubt for a moment as to the amount of happiness and benevolence that had entered into its composition, any more than they could doubt their own pleasurable emotions the moment they were brought within the range of its salutary influence. While Laura—the bright-eyed, gentle, amiable, laughing, loving, incomparable Laura, was—was—why, considerably more than we assume to have the ability to describe, and must therefore be left as usual to that infallible exponent of such matters, the imagination of the reader.

Their two visitors on this occasion were of a somewhat different caste. Mr. Fleesham, who, it may be advisable to premise, was a wholesale merchant and importer of the City of Toronto, was a hard, dry, stiff, acid sort of compilation, that looked very much as if he had been fed and developed on dry goods and lemon-juice, with now and then a dish or two of hardware—which, being somewhat indigestible, appeared still to be sticking out from various prominent points—for the sake of variety. He spoke with great confidence, and his voice was as dry, and hard, and metallic, and unpromising as every other attribute about him. But Mr. Fleesham was a man of business. He had made a great deal of money in the country, and he thought himself a smart man. He had sent a great deal of money *out* of the

country, and the *country* thought him a smart man. And the country was very much obliged to Fleesham; and the country said to Fleesham, "Bravo, Fleesham, you have fleeced us pretty well so far; we haven't got much more to lose, but go ahead, Fleesham; you are a very clever fellow—an extremely clever fellow, for what you don't put into your own pocket, you put into the pockets of the Yankees, or some one else a few thousand miles away; at any rate, it never troubles us again, and that's the main thing; in fact, a very smart fellow indeed, Fleesham:" and so both parties were well pleased.

Mr. Squobb was a thin, sinewy, elongated individual, with very small eyes, very dark hair, spare cheeks, abundance of eyebone, and a majestic nose. He was an editor, a champion of the people, and a man of letters, or rather of words, and consequently immeasurably removed from the "common herd," and entirely beyond the pale of human criticism. Fleesham was his patron and supporter, and therefore was he a fast friend to Fleesham. Fleesham was a man of money and he was not, and therefore did he bend the supple knee to Fleesham, and therefore did Fleesham take him by the nose and lead him wheresoever he would. But Squobb for all that was a people's champion, and Reform (a splendid word, signifying nothing in particular and the idol of the masses) was his watchword, and liberty his day-dream; and therefore when the immaculate Fleesham said unto him, Squobb, bring forward thy sheet and write thus and thus, that the people may have liberty and my pockets may be filled, straightway did the veritable Squobb do even as he was bid, and straightway were the people made drunk to their hearts' content with a great cry for liberty, and another bumper for their everlasting rights, while the immaculate Fleesham went forward into the crowd and juggled the mighty dollars out of their pockets, and did the "three times three" for the patriotic Squobb. Verily, Fleesham was a smart man, and his friend Squobb a philosopher.

"Well, Borrowdale," said Fleesham, having made himself comfortable in his position beside the fire, "I've got a bit of news

for you. What do you think of that young rascal Morland, that young scoundrel that I actually took under my roof out of pure charity, when he hadn't a shelter to go to? What should he do last night, but take into his head to rob me of everything he could lay his hands on, and no inconsiderable sum either, and make off."

"Bless my soul, impossible!" cried Borrowdale, casting a look of astonishment towards his wife, who returned it with something almost approaching to alarm.

"Impossible; yes, any one would have thought it impossible, no doubt," continued Fleesham. "Where shall we look for confidence after that, I should like to know? Confidence," said Fleesham, throwing his left leg indignantly over the right, "a fallacy, sir; there's no such thing."

"And you are really in earnest?" said Borrowdale. "The poor boy has been so misled. Poor deluded young man."

"Well, it's just as well to pity him; just as well to pity all kinds of rascality and depravity, of course," said Fleesham, grinding his sharp-edged teeth together and speaking with knife-like irony; "but just let the young scoundrel come within my reach again. I'll teach him what it is to violate the confidence of a friend and benefactor. He was'n't off ten minutes before I had the officers out after him, and ——"

"Oh, he is not in prison, Mr. Fleesham?" cried Laura involuntarily; and the color came and went in her cheek, and her eyes moistened; but checking herself almost instantly, she hung down her head, and feigned to be busying herself with her work, to conceal the confusion that she evidently felt.

"No, not yet," returned Fleesham. "They must have missed him, some how or other, for I have heard nothing of them since. But the chances are that he is in custody by this time, and to prison he goes most unquestionably."

It was evidently with great difficulty that Laura could restrain her emotion, from whatever cause it arose; and she presently rose from her seat in considerable agitation and quitted the room. Mrs. Borrowdale looked thoughtfully after

her, and, after exchanging an anxious glance with her husband, which he seemed well to comprehend, she likewise retired.

"What's that you say, Fleesham?" observed Squobb, as soon as they were left alone; "officers got notice ten minutes after the commission of the act, and not got the offender yet? Stay," he continued, producing his note-book, "if you'll allow me, I'll just make a note of that. This is the sort of thing that it behooves a public man to look into. There's something radically wrong in our police force—that's evident."

"And when that is the case," added Fleesham, "what confidence, I say, can we have in the security of our lives and property as citizens, or of our liberty as a community?"

"The young man was looking for employment and unable to find it, I believe?" said Borrowdale, thoughtfully.

"Well, what of that?" returned Fleesham.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said Borrowdale; "only while a police force is a very good institution and it behooves us to see that we have an efficient one, don't you think the necessity for their efficiency might be rendered something less conspicuous, and our time and abilities be better employed, if we were to expend a little of it in endeavouring to find work for a few of the idle and unemployed that are wandering about our streets, and whom the want of something for their hands to do, and the want of bread, are converting into criminals and making candidates for our prisons?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Squobb; "well, that's good, Borrowdale,—the old thing, the old see-saw, upon my word. Excuse me, but that's as old as the hills. Don't you know, Borrowdale, that where there is rottenness and corruption in her institutions, no country can prosper?"

"And don't you know, sir," said Borrowdale, smiling quietly upon Squobb, "that where there is rottenness and ruin at the very foundation of her commercial existence, no country can long *be*?"

"There you are, Borrowdale," cried Squobb, winking on his friend and patron; "the old story. Allow me to set you right

upon that point now, once and for all. Now, the fact is (and as a public man I've an opportunity of knowing), there is no such cause for alarm about commercial matters as you appear to apprehend. We are feeling the effects of the late crisis; there have been great and flagrant corruptions; and there has been over-speculating; and, as a natural consequence, we are now suffering under a sort of—of relapse; that is to say, a sort of—of—”

“Want of confidence,” suggested Fleesham.

“Of want of confidence—just so,” pursued Squobb, “and the necessary concomitant, depression. But, otherwise, I can assure you, Borrowdale, (and you know it is rather in our line as public men to arrive at these things,) there is no such alarming distress, and ruin, and rottenness, as you imagine.”

“What!” cried Borrowdale, falling back in his chair almost aghast, “no poverty, no distress, no rottenness! Can you look upon the wretchedness that stares you everywhere in the face, and say there is no distress? Do you know that there is something like one tenth of our population—250,000 souls—in this country unemployed? And do they entail no distress and ruin on the country? And how do they live? Why, evidently they must either beg, borrow, or steal; for if they live upon their friends, that is only a refined system of begging. The country must keep them, some way or other, idle and worthless as they are. Then has it occurred to you to think of the swarms, the thousands, that are flying from the country? Were you in Montreal and Quebec, during this last season, to see the vessels there besieged by the strength and wealth of our country, begging to be taken out of it on any terms? And surely these are not the sort of people to fly from little troubles. Then, again, have you been through our towns and cities—I care not where—and beheld the closed and silent factories that stare you everywhere in the face; and does it ever occur to you to ask yourself where are the capitalists that had the temerity to build them, and where are the employed and their families that found there a livelihood, and that at the same time were

made by them good, and peaceable, and rate-paying citizens? Then, again, to come higher in the scale, look at the depreciation of real estate in every portion of the Province—it matters not where—and I think you will find that your landed proprietors, your holders of property, everywhere, are worth at the present moment just about one half what they were a few years ago, and which they couldn't realize even at that. Look again at the depreciation of our credit at home; look at the failure of our crops; look into your advertisements for the doings of the Sheriffs—Sheriff sales, Sheriff sales everywhere! look at all this, sir,” cried Borrowdale, warming with the subject as he proceeded, “and tell me that there is no commercial distress, that the country is not full of every phase of it, from the poor, starving, houseless mechanic, to the embarrassed tradesman and the bankrupt merchant. Can you, as a public man, deny any of this, Squobb?” he added, bringing down his hand emphatically on his knee.

“Why, why, perhaps not exactly,” said Squobb, a little embarrassed, for he knew very well that Borrowdale had merely stated facts that were patent to all, although he found them rather stubborn facts to reply to. “But is this state of things exclusively Canadian? Wont you find the same thing in every country in the world? Here, stay, that's an idea; I'll just make a note of it,” continued Squobb, producing his book.

“True, partially true,” replied Borrowdale. “We might find something of the same sort in England, for instance. But is that any criterion for Canada? Is it at all an analogous case, where you can find the same number of inhabitants that we have spread over the whole extent of this great country, there crowded together within a diameter of twenty miles? Is there any analogy between the two, while we have only the same number of people to provide for out of our natural, and now, in our railways and canals, artificial resources, sufficient to maintain an empire and to make it great? What will you say for our future, if we now find ourselves with a great country full of such magnificent resources, unable to support a scanty popula-

tion of two or three millions. Can we ever hope to make a great nation of it by this same policy, whatever it may be, that keeps it thus impoverished at the outset? Now, then, Squobb," continued Borrowdale, looking serenely at the partially discomfited editor, "you are disposed to laugh at me for what you call my Protectionist principles; can you, then, as a public man and a politician, point us to the remedy for this disastrous state of things; for, I presume, you will not attempt for a moment to assert that a remedy does not exist."

"Oh, Confidence, Confidence, renewed Confidence," cried Fleesham complacently; and he re-crossed his legs and shifted his position emphatically, as though he considered that that had settled the whole thing satisfactorily to all parties, and all further argument on the matter ought forthwith be disposed of.

"Why, Fleesham, what do you mean?" said Borrowdale warmly. "I've heard a great deal about this Confidence, renewed Confidence, and want of Confidence, and so forth; in fact, it seems to be a staple argument with you so-called Free Traders; but don't it occur to you that Confidence is an *effect*, and not a *cause*? that the Confidence you speak of is simply the result of commercial security and prosperity, while non-Confidence arises from the want of these necessities to its existence. Upon my word, I think it is something new altogether to suppose that Confidence is either self-creating or self-sustaining. If you want misplaced confidence, why, then, I must be allowed to say, that I think we are suffering enough from the effects of that already; so much so, that the evil has remedied itself; there's no fear, I think, of an extension of it."

"Well," said Squobb, feeling that it devolved upon him to come to the rescue of his friend and patron, who appeared to be losing his wonted confidence fast,—“well, we must look after and maintain the agricultural interest; that's the great interest in the country."

"Very good," returned Borrowdale; "by what means?"

"By what means!" replied Squobb, with a tinge of that contempt for the question that usually denotes a barrenness of ideas

on the point at issue, "why, why, how is everything else maintained?"

"I am sure I scarcely know," said Borrowdale. "I know how a good many things are going to ruin. But I am not surprised that you are puzzled, Squobb, for there is only one way in which to do any good for the farmers, and that is to improve the condition of the other portions of the community generally,—the farmers' customers, in short,—and thereby to give them a better market for their produce; to find them a market at home, instead of compelling them to run all over the world for it; for what, pray, is the reason that the markets of other countries are better than our own—in fact, that they *have* a market, while we *have none*. When our grain goes to America and to England, who is it that consumes it? Is it the farmers of those countries, or is it the manufacturing community, the mechanics and artisans of the cities? There, then, is the answer. They cultivate their manufactures, and are therefore able, not only to consume their own produce, but to find a market for and control the price of ours. *We* neglect our manufactures, and have therefore not only no market of our own, but, at the same time, must submit to be the sport and prey of those countries that have. Agriculture of itself never yet made a country, and never can. What would the United States be without their manufactures? Would they be able to come into our own country and control our markets, and carry away our gold, and to enrich themselves at our expense, as they now do? Would England, think you, ever have been known beyond her own market-places if she had depended on agriculture alone? Would her farmers even be better off at this moment, think you, if they had to run all over the world for a market for their produce, instead of having it consumed on the spot by the artisans, and mechanics, and manufacturers, who are everywhere found in juxtaposition with the market-garden and the corn-field? Therefore, Squobb," continued Borrowdale, "you see we must all agree with you that the position of our agriculturalists should be improved because to improve their position you must of necessity first

improve the position of all other classes of the community. But the question is, by what means is it to be done?"

"Very good, very good," said Squobb, again producing his note-book and preparing for the transmission of a great idea, "to take you on your own footing. Now you think all this is to be done by Protection. Very good. And at the same time you have pointed us to the prosperity of England. Very good, again. Now, will you tell me what is the watch-word of England? What is the banner under which at the present time she marches forward in the van of commercial greatness? Is it Protection, or is it Free Trade?"

"Hear, hear; true," said Fleesham emphatically.

"Very well," continued Squobb, encouraged by the approving voice of his patron and looking utter annihilation into the serene features of his host; "then is it not just and logical to assume that what has made England great, may likewise make Canada great? Therefore I say, let us have Free Trade, everything free; throw open our ports to the world, and thereby encourage competition (and that is proverbially said to be the life of trade), and so, so ——"

"Inspire confidence," suggested Fleesham.

"Inspire confidence—just so," pursued Squobb, "in the commercial world, and, and inspire the, the ——"

"Pray," said Borrowdale, perceiving that Squobb was somewhat puzzled for the second inspiration, "do I understand you to ——"

"Excuse me just a moment," interposed Squobb, falling to at the note-book, "just a note: a thought occurs to me; yes, that will do; pray proceed."

"Do I understand you to say that we should adopt the commercial policy of England?"

"Precisely so."

"And what is that policy, may I ask?"

"Policy!" cried Squabb indignantly, "why I should hope all the world was long ago pretty well posted on that. Why Free Trade, Free Trade, to be sure."

"In what?"

Squobb was indignant at the absurdity of the question.

"Is the Free Trade policy of England identical with yours of Canada," continued Borrowdale, "or is it the very antipodes of it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed both the gentlemen together.

"Well, let us see," pursued Borrowdale, with an unusually malicious smile wandering over his countenance. "You so-called Free Traders of Canada would, in the first place, admit the manufactures of all countries free, and leave your home manufacturer, your artisans and mechanics—in fact, your home labor generally, to protect itself against the competition of the whole world; while, if you didn't raise the revenue by direct taxation, you would raise it by the imposition of duties on the necessities of life and raw materials which we do not and cannot produce?"

"Just so."

"Just so," pursued Borrowdale. "Now, can you tell me what manufactured goods England admits free, and what raw material she imposes a duty on?"

Squobb was silent.

"You are at a loss—just so. Now, what is the fact? Is it not in every instance the raw material and the necessities, as far as she is able, that she admits free, and the manufactured articles upon which she imposes the tax? She admits her rags, her cotton, her wool, her hides, her hemp, her lard, and so forth, *free*, because there is no labor on them to protect. But as soon as any labor is expended on them, and they are converted into paper, calicos, cloths, leather, ropes, oil, and so on, then she at once comes in to the protection of her artisans and mechanics and manufacturers, and in every instance imposes a heavy duty. This, sir, is the policy of England from first to last, and this is the policy that has fostered her manufacturers by sheltering them from the ruinous competition of the foreigner, and this is the policy that has made England the mart of the world. Again, sir, in contradistinction to your so-called Free Trade principles,

she admits her wheat free, and the necessaries of life to the poor man at the lowest rates consistent with the maintenance of her large revenue, at the same time enabling him to purchase them by securing to him employment and protecting his labor; while you would tax to him his tea and his coffee and his sugar, and at the same time deprive him of the means of purchasing them even then, by letting the foreigner unrestricted into his markets to rob him of the employment that would otherwise be found for him. Where, then, is your boasted English precedent? We so-called Protectionists are the true representatives of the English policy. We have the *principle*, you have nothing but the *word*. We are the exponents and advocates of that which has not only been adopted by almost every other country on the globe, but that has made the greatest what they are; while you have nothing left you but a word, and a word that has been made popular by those very principles which you employ it to oppose; or if there is a principle at all concealed beneath, it is one that the whole world has agreed in repudiating as disastrous and ruinous."

Squobb was a good deal non-plussed, and Squobb fumbled about his note-book in an extremely uncomfortable manner. Like a good many of our Canadian editors who profess to teach the people, he was a capital hand at doing an *article* upon nothing—Constitutional Reform, for instance, something in which there was a little scope for the imagination and but a small demand for fact; but bring him down to solid matter-of-fact argument, involving a direct acquaintance with important facts and dates, and then was Squobb found wanting, and then did Squobb's ignorance begin to ooze out at all parts of his editorial person.

"Well, Squobb," continued Borrowdale, "I am afraid your two first arguments are disposed of. What is your next great Free Trade proposition for furthering the prosperity of the country?"

"Oh, there's no want of them," returned Squobb, getting indifferent. "Let us do away with corruption in the government, and have economy in the public expenditure."

"Very advisable and commendable, certainly," said Borrowdale; "and unquestionably an item. For with great economy in all the departments, we might perhaps economise enough to find each of the unemployed in the country about three meals a head for the whole twelve months. But still you will see it would scarcely do to stop there. For as they would each require about one thousand meals in that time, you would, in order to remedy this evil alone, still have about nine hundred and ninety-seven meals each, or a total of something like one hundred and fifty millions, to provide for. Pray what is your next, then, Squobb?"

Squobb was silent. He looked to his friend and patron for assistance in the dilemma, but Fleesham appeared to have lost confidence in the argument altogether, and he shifted nervously about in his seat, and made several attempts to force a smile, but they were excessively spasmodic and were productive of no satisfactory results.

"Well, this is what I see," resumed Borrowdale, after a pause "although you so-called Free Traders are loud in your cry for Reforms (I've yet to learn what they are), and the rights of the people, and the public good, and so forth; and although you cannot fail to see, with the rest, the lamentable condition of the country at the present moment—that thousands of able-bodied men, the strength and wealth of the country, are flying from it in despair, that other thousands are wanting employment, that property is undergoing a wholesale depreciation, that our credit is failing us at home and abroad, and in fact that every commercial calamity that we might well be subject to, is besetting us—although this is all before you, and your own voice, in fact, is raised to herald it, you seem totally incapable of offering one tangible common-sense suggestion for its remedy."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed both the gentlemen hysterically; "well, that's good!"

"I hope you will say so twelve months hence, Fleesham," said Borrowdale.

"Well, now, what would be your grand scheme, Borrowdale?"

said Squobb, with a show of indifference for schemes generally. "Pray let us have it."

"Well, I think, at all events," said Borrowdale, "it would'nt be difficult to propound something as tangible, or even a little more so, than yours, and without much elaboration either. Let us see. First, then, the cause. Now, in the first place, we find that we are now, and have been for many years past, sending away out of the country, for foreign manufactures, something like twelve millions of dollars in solid gold a year, over and above what the whole exporting resources of the country put together have realized in return. This, then, is a dead loss to the country, against which she has no per contra whatever, and to *pay* which our forests must be cleared, our lands sold, and our credit involved. This, then, is one cause, and a very fruitful cause too. Again, we have one tenth of our whole population unemployed. To say nothing of the worthlessness of so many thousands of people in the country doing nothing, we have here again, then, another enormous tax,—say, at a low estimate, some twenty millions of dollars a year, taking no account of the enormous sum they would earn to the country were they all employed. These, then, I take to be the two great sources of our embarrassment. For just take the two and run them over only ten years, and what does it give us? a total deficiency of over three hundred millions of dollars. And if that wouldn't be likely to impoverish us, pray what would? There may be other incidental causes, no doubt, but they principally hinge upon these two, as these hinge upon one another; for what would keep the money in the country would give work to the unemployed, while this again would make employment for our Railways and Canals and public works, which have cost us so much and have returned us so little. For instance: what does the twelve millions a year go out of the country for? For manufactured goods. Then, plainly, if we manufacture those goods for ourselves, we keep the money in the country and are just so much the richer; while in manufacturing goods sufficient to effect that object, we should require to employ perhaps the whole of the unemployed

men, women, and children whose present idleness create the other deficiency. Thus would both the calamities be obviated at once. But we can't manufacture; we have no capital. Or if we have the capital (and I am one of those that believe we have), the capitalist feels a want of confidence. Why? Because after he has built his factory and manufactured his goods, he has no guarantee, although they may be equally as good and as cheap as those of the foreigner, that he will find a market. And why is this? Because being a young manufacturer, he is necessarily a small one, and he has his trade to work up, his customers to obtain, and a reputation to establish for his goods; while his foreign competitor, who comes into the market on the same terms with himself, is a giant in the trade, of long standing, has his business established, has a reputation for his goods, and has his customers likewise, to whom he is bound by all the thousand commercial ties that bind tradesmen with tradesmen. Added to this, while our home manufacturer struggles with his limited means and is depending on an immediate sale and legitimate profit, the affairs of the foreigner, who is well established, being less nicely balanced, enable him to control the markets, or, if he is closely driven, to come over here and sacrifice his goods, which he is continually doing, and so glut the markets and drive the home producer out altogether. These are the difficulties that he has to contend against, and that, wherever it is attempted make, the investment ruin. Then what is the remedy? Why, plainly and simply to do what every other country has done and does—protect him, by the imposition of judicious and permanent duties on the foreign importations. Do this by whole and not by half measures, that are in force to-day and may be repealed to-morrow; and it will not be many months before our thousands of unemployed, instead of wandering about the streets, a disgrace and a burden to the country, will be hard at work adding to our wealth and enriching themselves; you will soon hear that the exodus from the country has ceased; and at the end of the year, instead of having your twelve millions of dollars scattered over the world, never to be

seen again, you will find it safe in your banks at home, ready to go forth again into the country, to increase and multiply, only to return again at the end of the next year with an additional increase; and your cry for "confidence" will be heard no more."

"Oh, that's the old story, you know, Borrowdale—the old story," said Squobb, throwing however at Fleesham a look of unutterable despair; "taxing the people, burdening the country, for the purpose of bolstering up a few unfortunate manufacturers. Ah, ha, it wont do!"

"No, no, it wont do—wont do, Borrowdale," chimed in Fleesham."

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Borrowdale, "is that the only argument you have against it,—it wont do! Why, bless me, burden the country, tax the people, why—well, Jenny, who's this from?"

This latter remark was addressed to a maid-servant who entered at the moment with a crumpled, uncivilized-looking note, set forth in half-inch hieroglyphics.

"A little black girl left it, sir."

"Bless me, is she gone?"

"She didn't wish to wait for no answer, sir."

Borrowdale turned the strange epistle round and round, first on one side, then on the other, and it was some considerable time before he was able to make anything whatever out of it.

"Stay—ay, I see," he said at length, giving a sudden start, as though a new light had just broken in upon him, "Park Lane—yes, that's plain enough—right-hand side—and—and—why, yes, I see—I must be off at once. Gentlemen, I must get you to excuse me; I am compelled to leave you for a short time. By the by, what do you say to a walk as far as Park Lane? We may perhaps see something to repay us too, and perhaps not altogether irrelevant to the matter we've been discussing."

The gentlemen were perfectly willing. In fact, it would afford them considerable pleasure; which was no doubt essentially correct, for they had begun to find that they had not only got the worst side of the argument, but that it was beginning to look

extremely doubtful if they had any side at all. They were therefore by no means wanting alacrity in complying with their host's suggestion ; and in a very few minutes they were all three stumbling over the snow on their way to the suburban retreat aforesaid.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER HOME.—INCREASING CALAMITIES.

The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.

COWPER.

As Borrowdale and his friends crossed from Yonge street into one of the back lanes running north of Queen street, there attention was attracted to a group of persons on the opposite pathway, in the midst of whom a violent altercation between several men was going on. Borrowdale instantly hurried across to the spot and pushed his way into the centre of the group. He had scarcely remained long enough to catch a glimpse of the parties engaged in the quarrel, when, perceiving that his friends were following him across the road, he came hastily back, and, catching them by the arm and leading them away, remarked carelessly,

“Oh, a street brawl, a street brawl; we can do no good.”

“Oh, but stay,” said Squobb, fumbling for his note-book; “I should just like to make a ——”

“My dear fellow,” said Borrowdale, somewhat anxiously, “there’s nothing worth your notice, I assure you. Come, come along; we shall find a better note for you where we are going.”

Squobb yielded reluctantly, and they moved off again down the street.

“Stay!” cried Borrowdale, stopping suddenly, after they had gone some little distance, as though a new idea had just occurred to him; “have the goodness to wait for me a moment. I must just say a word to those poor creatures—just a word. Have the goodness—one moment.”

So saying, he darted away again to the scene of the altercation, leaving his friends winking to each other their appreciation of his eccentricity.

"I tell you again, upon my soul," he heard an effeminate voice, which however appeared to be that of a man, exclaim, as he approached the group, "I know not where she is. I swear to you, I know nothing of her!"

"By all that's devilish, you white-livered puppy," cried a second and rougher voice, "we'll make you prove that. Now, then," he continued fiercely, raising his arm in the air as though he were about to strike a blow with a pistol which he held by the muzzle in his hand, "where is she? Out with it, or ——"

Borrowdale rushed in between them at this moment, and, while the man fell back to make way for him, he seized the first speaker by the arm, and, dragging him on one side, whispered something hurriedly in his ear.

The young man, for such he was, started and fell back speechless against the wall at the first sound of Borrowdale's voice, and he covered his face involuntarily with his hands and trembled violently from head to foot. Borrowdale cast his eyes rapidly round upon the group, and he could at once see that the poor ragged wretch that held the pistol in his hand was wildly infuriated, and that something deeper than a common injury must have occasioned it. Another man similarly attired was leaning against the wall with his arm supporting his head, sobbing and groaning, and stamping his foot wildly on the ground. The rest of the group, he soon saw, were non-participants in the affray; and he was just on the point of requesting the three to accompany him out of the crowd, when, on looking across the street, he perceived that his two friends were again making towards the spot. For the moment he was a good deal flurried, and looked about him anxiously from one to the other; but suddenly recollecting himself, as his friends came close upon them, he whispered again a few hurried words to the young man whom his presence had so much unnerved and who was still crouched down against the wall with his face in his hands, and

then, rushing out, caught his friends by the arm, and, hurrying them away before him, exclaimed,

"All right, all right; never mind your note-book, Squobb," seeing that that zealous individual was ready, book and pencil in hand, to make a note. "I've quieted them a little, I think. It's nothing serious. You know me; I must have my say in a thing of this sort. Eccentric, I dare say; but there, it's my nature—I can't help it."

"Oh, yes, we all know you pretty well, Borrowdale," said Fleesham banteringly, as they moved down the street. "You must always be protecting somebody. If it's not manufactures, it must be something else; but protection is your watchword, evidently. Ha, ha, ha! I dare say you find a little amusement in it, now."

"Ay, but it wont do—it wont do, Borrowdale," said Squobb, "this bolstering up a few rotten manufacturers at the expense of the whole country—it wont do!"

"No, wont do, wont do—'pon my word, wont go down, Borrowdale," echoed Fleesham, who with his companion appeared to revive wonderfully by contact with the open air.

"No, no, no," pursued Squobb, laughing immoderately and doing his endeavours to transfer the late discussion—in which he felt a good deal of his editorial prestige had been lost—into the similitude of a joke. Ha, ha, ha! a very rich joke, to be sure! talk to him, a public man, a people's champion, about feeding the masses—how sublime, verily a very great joke!

"No, no, no; it's too old for us, you know. Tax the whole country to oblige a few thousand fellows that are anxious to make a fortune. No, no, no! an old dodge, Borrowdale; we know better."

"Why, bless my soul," cried Borrowdale, waxing warm, "is it possible! is it really possible that rational men can talk so? How many do you say?"

"Oh, about seven thousand, or something of that sort," returned Squobb indifferently.

"Why, what do you mean?" continued Borrowdale; "you must mean manufacturers of course?"

Squobb thought it wouldn't do to be too bold before one so well posted on the subject, and so he said he thought it a matter of indifference whether he meant manufacturers or the manufacturing community generally.

"Well, then, we will call it seven thousand manufacturers," pursued Borrowdale; "and I dare say that is somewhere about the mark. Now, what is it to bolster up or benefit the condition of these manufacturers? Why, to put them in a position to enlarge and increase their operations—or in other words, simply to *employ more hands*. Well, let us suppose that this bolstering up, as you call it, so improves the confidence and means of these seven thousand manufacturers, that, on an average, they are each able to employ twenty extra hands. That at once gives employment to one hundred and forty thousand souls, who are perhaps at this moment wandering about idle. Will you tell me, then, that that 140,000 are not benefitted? Again, say that these receive on an average one pound a week each, wages. Then, when they go out into our towns and villages every week to spend that £140,000, will you tell me that the baker, and butcher, and grocer, and dry goods dealer who receive that money into their tills, are not benefitted? Again, when the baker, and butcher, and green-grocer take that money to the farmer to purchase his corn and flour, and sheep and oxen, and vegetables, and thereby relieve him from the necessity of sending what he can of them three thousand miles away, to depreciate in value as they go—will you tell me that *he* is not benefitted? And again, when the manufacturer comes to that farmer to purchase his hides, and wool, and hemp at a fair price, instead of his being compelled, as now, to dispose of them to Yankee speculators for two thirds of their value—is he not further benefitted? In fact, can you point to any individual class, or business, or profession, that does not receive its ratio of benefit?"

"Benefit!" cried Fleesham, something approaching desperation, "why the very first effect would be to destroy everything like Confidence. Put on a heavy protection duty tomorrow, and what would be the result? Why Confidence would be gone.

Where, I would ask you, for instance, would my banker's Confidence be in me from that moment? Gone!"

"Excuse me," returned Borrowdale, "but that, Fleesham, is the very thing the country wants. Not that we have any ill will towards you—quite the contrary; but to utterly abolish about two thirds of your present description of business throughout the country, would be the greatest blessing that could possibly befall it. Let me just show you how. Now, your bankers has every proper confidence in you, and he discounts for you to the extent of £20,000. Very well. What do you do with it? You effect a great bargain with an English or an American manufacturer of dry goods, or something of that kind. You send exchange—of course precisely the same thing, because the gold must follow. Very good. You've got the goods, and the £20,000 is gone. We see no more of it—there's no fear of that. It is gone to keep afloat those large establishments that flourish so well (no wonder) in England and the States, and to keep the manufacturing classes of those countries. Now, let us come to the other side, and suppose that the said banker had lost confidence in you, and found it in a manufacturer of the town. He gets the £20,000, instead of you. What does *he* do with it? And first, you will perceive that he takes *paper*, and *not gold at all*. He pays a portion of it to the neighbouring farmers for their wood, or to the rag-merchant for his rags, or to the butcher for his hides. The rest he pays to his men. These again pay it to the dry goods and to the provision merchant. These take it up and carry it again to the banker,—the farmers and butchers and rag-merchant doing the same; and in a short time it has all found its way again to the very source from which it first started, and is once more ready to be distributed as before. And so it goes round and round through the country, and, after multiplying and increasing in trade, returns to the same place again, but not a farthing of it goes out of the country. Now, sir, whom should both the country and the banker support? You who drain it and the banker together of its solid gold by tens of thousands, without returning it any tangible compensation

whatsoever, or him who with the same money gives employment to her artisans, encourages her farmers, supports her merchants, and adds to her prosperity in a thousand ways, and yet never sends a farthing of her gold out of the country?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Fleesham—very hysterically this time; "pretty good—pretty good, upon my word!"

"My dear Fleesham," returned Borrowdale, with a short, quick laugh in return, "I'm glad you like it. Not, as I said before, that we wish you any ill: we know very well that in the long run you will reap the benefit with the rest; for as soon as you see that importing has ceased to be a paying investment, you will turn your attention to something else. In fact, you will become a manufacturer, and a friend to your country and to yourself, instead of being merely the vehicle for transferring its resources into the hands of others. I hope before long, Fleesham, to be able to congratulate you on the change."

Arrived in the vicinity of Park lane, Borrowdale stopped and looked about him. He appeared to be somewhat dubious as to the precise spot to which he was bound; and he had just pulled out the hieroglyphical note and was straining his eyes over it with the assistance of one of the street lamps, when he was startled by the sound of a man's voice immediately in his rear.

"Hab he cum, hab he cum, massa," cried the man, whom, it scarcely need be added, was of the darker shade. "Him berry glad him cum, massa—berry glad him come. Bil he cum dis bay, massa—bil he ples cum dis bay?"

The man conducted them to one of those small, delapidated shanties that abound in this locality, and motioned them to follow him down the wooden steps leading to the underground basement.

"'Cuse him poor place, massa," said the black, as he led the way into this subterranean hovel; "we hab all berry poor, massa."

And without a doubt they all looked very poor. There were five or six little, black, half-naked urchins lying indiscriminately about the floor without either bed or covering; for not only

was the place void of any such luxury as bed or bedstead and their usual appurtenances, but, with the exception of a couple of legless and bottomless chairs—the missing members of which were probably then smoldering away upon the hearth—the two remaining sides of a wooden box and a tin kettle, the place was as destitute as the inhospitable streets they had just quitted of all the household goods and comforts of civilization. At the farther end of the room a woman was on her knees by the side of some object which was laid upon a little straw in the most sheltered corner. She rose as the strangers entered, and, making a very low courtesy, pointed anxiously to the object on the floor.

“Here she ab, massa,” said the black, taking up the little lamp that was burning on the floor and letting its light fall into the angle. “She ab berry ill; hear how the poor ting sigh.”

“Why, bless my soul,” cried Borrowdale, as the light revealed to him the form and features of a young white girl. “Poor child—poor dear child! How ill she looks! My poor girl,” he added, falling on one knee by her side and taking her hand in his, “what is the matter with her, eh—is she ill?”

Madeline—for she it was—opened her eyes feebly and shook her head, and he could just distinguish the half-articulate words,

“My mother—my poor mother.”

“De poor girl!” said the black; “she hab say noting but dat; she hab berry ill.”

“Bless me,” said Borrowdale, looking round about the hovel, “who is she—how came she here? Why, this place will kill—dear me, do you live here, in this wretched place, man?”

“Hab ’blige to lib a here, massa,” replied the black; “we all de colored people berry poor. Don’t know who ab de poor gal, massa, but he ——”

“Well, never mind; you can tell me that some other time,” enterposed Borrowdale. “We must take the poor child out of this. Will you fetch a sleigh, man—a nice comfortable covered sleigh, man, as quick as you can, there’s a good fellow.”

“Hab him ’mediate,” said the man; and before Borrowdale

could turn his head, he was out of the hovel, up the steps, and scampering away down the street.

"Fleesham, Squobb," said Borrowdale, rising and taking his friends aside and speaking in an under tone, "look about you here. This is something like poverty, miserable squalid poverty, is it not?"

"Oh, well," said Fleesham, "but this is just what this class of people are used to, you know."

"Unfortunately, that is too true," returned Borrowdale; "in this country they are used to it. This, mark you, is no exception. This is one instance out of the swarms by which we are hemmed in at this moment. This very neighborhood abounds in such scenes as these. By the by, I shall have something to say to you on some future occasion about these poor colored people. We take them from slavery—in which they are at least fed and clothed—and give them freedom, it is true; but this is the price they have to pay for it. Freedom to beg or starve or become criminals—but I will explain to you on some future occasion. Squobb, don't you think you might make a note of this?" he added, seeing that the editor had as yet failed to produce his notebook—perhaps the longest period for which he was ever known to commit such an offence against his country and his profession.

"Oh, this is an every-day sort of thing, you know," said Squobb indifferently. "Men in our position would have just enough to do, if they were to take cognizance of every little thing of this sort. There's a cause for this, you know, no doubt. In fact, you can just see—the place looks suspicious."

"Yes," said Borrowdale, "poverty I believe usually assumes that appearance. But ——"

"Hillo, hillo! here you are!" cried Fleesham at this moment; and on looking round, Borrowdale was something surprised to see him on his knees beside the girl, holding her hand roughly up to the light. "Here you are—just what I suspected, a den of thieves—where's the police! Here, Borrowdale, here's something for your philanthropy to digest. Do you see this? the poor

innocent creature wears diamond rings. And what's more extraordinary still, it's a ring that I happen to be able to swear to as having been missing from my wife's case for something like a week past."

"Impossible!" cried Borrowdale, falling on his knees in considerable agitation and proceeding to examine the ring for himself.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the girl, struggling to rise and pulling nervously at her hand to endeavour to extricate it. But her strength failed her, and she fell back, and, looking piteously up into the hard face of her accuser, she burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

"Whatever can be the meaning of this?" said Borrowdale, scarcely less distressed in his manner than the poor girl herself. "There surely must be some mistake, Fleesham; let's look again."

"Mistake!" cried Fleesham, catching up the hand again and exhibiting the ring. "Could any one mistake *that*, think you—especially any one that bought and paid for it? I could swear to it, sir, among fifty thousand."

"Stay! this is a remarkable coincidence," cried Squobb, coming forward note-book in hand; "if you'll allow me, I'll just make a note of this—this demands investigation."

"My good woman," said Borrowdale, turning in disgust from the officious editor to the woman of the hovel, "can you enlighten us upon this? Who is the poor unfortunate girl? how did she come by that valuable ring?"

The poor woman, who by this time had become greatly alarmed, protested that the girl having been brought there by her husband only about an hour before, she knew nothing whatever about either her or the ring, or the circumstances which had led to her being there.

"Lor bless my soul!" cried Borrowdale, pacing up and down the room and casting his eyes feverishly at the half-unconscious girl, "this is an extraordinary affair. Poor child, she don't look—oh, here comes your husband with the sleigh."

"Here hab de slay, massa," cried the black, leaping down the steps fairly into the room. "Here a be, massa."

"That's right, my good man," said Borrowdale; "but just come here for a moment, will you? Let me see, what is your name?"

"Sam White ab a name, massa," returned the man.

"Oh, yes; you used to chop wood for me, I think. Yes, well about this poor child; who is she, and how comes she here?"

"It ab berry strange story, massa," said White; "but I tell you all dat I know. Las' night a young genlemin stop a be in de store and ask be to driv de sleigh for him whar he till be, and him pay be bell for what I do. Den him fus' hab to go to fitch dis poor gal from near de Crukeshank lane, whar I find her in de empty house dare. Den I tak her to him in de sleigh whar him wait down a King street dare. Den him jump in and tell be to driv off berry fast, and de poor gal cry out to stop, and say she no go, and call to be to help her. Den I jump out to help de poor gal; ben de genlemin him knock be sprawl down in de snow, and afore him get up he driv off de sleigh, wid de poor gal and all. Den almos' 'rectly 'nother sleigh cum up, and de man say dat de genlemin hab stole someting and him want to catch him. Den I jump in the odder sleigh and be go arter de fus' sleigh berry fast, and be go on a good deal ob miles and didn't catch him; ben all sudden he cums on de poor gal in de middle ob de road, all in de snow, no sensible, no speak. Den de officer would'nt stay to bring back de poor gall, but him driv' on at once and leav' me and de poor gal dare. And den I hab to get de poor creator hom gen in de best bay could. She hab ben berry ill, and be all de time cumin' till be just got to the hom'."

"Oh, that's it, that's it, is it!" said Fleesham, when the man had concluded. "A very pretty story indeed. Don't you see, Squobb? This gallant young gentleman he speaks of was that young scoundrel Morland. And this is his fair accomplice, of course. Oh, to be sure! quite a romantic affair. I thought it was'nt all his own doings. These, Borrowdale, you see, are the

pretty little objects of your benevolence ; not content with ruining themselves, they must drag a whole train to destruction after them. Oh, a very pretty little hand for diamonds, no doubt ! Well, well, we'll see, my lady. Oh, this vile depravity !" cried Fleesham, with a shudder of holy horror as his eye fell suddenly upon the face of the culprit, that pale reflector of heaven that pleaded so pitiously there from its pillow of straw. "Come, Mr. White, or Black, or whatever your name is," continued Fleesham, "I suppose you are not very anxious to keep your prize here, although it is a little valuable ? It might be dangerous. We'll have her removed to the hospital, if you please ; she'll be taken charge of there, in a manner satisfactory to all parties, no doubt."

"Now, Fleesham, don't be hasty, there's a good fellow," said Borrowdale, who had had his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the girl's countenance for the last few minutes. "I'll stake my existence on it, there's some mistake somewhere. White, do you know anything about this ring ?"

"Nebber see dat dare afore," said the black, eying the glittering bauble nervously. "Don't know noting 'bout dat, massa."

It was Borrowdale's original intention to have had the girl taken to his own house, as in similar cases he had more than once done before ; but as the circumstances were, to say the least, such as to inspire very serious suspicions, he felt compelled to yield to the rigorous suggestions of his friend ; and the unfortunate girl was accordingly conducted at once to the hospital, and there committed to the double vigilance of the faculty and the law.

Poor Madeline ! So does the false step of our haste, the error of an unwatchful moment, roll us down to our ruin, and sweep away with a ruthless hand the peace and happiness of many days. With a troubled mind, we follow thee, Madeline, in thy sore distress, for we see not very far in the distance the goal to which thy miseries tend. Thou art but one among the thousands in this strange world, whom penury and want and wrong have impelled to the same brink. And where is the talisman,

the fascination, that can turn you again from the verge, and rob the darkness beyond of thy innocent soul? Fiction may do it, that the fine sense of the very virtuous may receive no offence; but surely it is not found inscribed in the stern decrees of this stern world, whose rigid eye, unmoistened and unpained, can watch thee to thy ruin. But, Madeline, thou art not altogether forgotten. Thy friends, though far away in their wanderings to another land, are weeping for thee still; a lover and a brother are seeking thee with bleeding hearts; yea, and we too can weep for thee, Madeline, for thou wert very innocent and very pure, and the lilies were not fairer than thou, before thy hands were compelled to indolence that teems with evil, and poverty had distilled its madness in thine ear.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEARCH.—THE WRONG ROAD.

But, O thou hapless virgin, our lost sister,
Where may she wander, whither betake her?

MILTON: Mask of Comus.

AFTER Borrowdale had quitted the scene of the street brawl and disappeared with his friends, Mark and William, who were the two principal actors in the affray, conferred for some moments together in an undertone; after which they both went forward, and, laying a hand on either arm of the young man to whom Borrowdale had spoken, motioned him to accompany them out of the crowd. He offered no resistance, and they led him quietly away between them. Some few of the more juvenile portion of the crowd followed them for some little distance; but as they moved on hurriedly and in silence, and all dispute appeared for the time to be at an end, they were soon left to pursue their way alone.

They made their way to the eastern suburbs of the town, and, after walking for about a quarter of an hour through the back streets and half-formed thoroughfares of this locality, they emerged into the open moor, upon which stood the miserable little shanty which had been so lately deserted by their friends.

"Come, this way! we're not going to kill you yet," said Mark, giving their prisoner an extra impetus forward, on observing that he shrunk back and was beginning to tremble violently as they dragged him from the more busy part of the town towards the hovel. "Now, then, in with you, and we'll very soon know a little more about you," he continued, as they reached the hut, at

the same time thrusting their now thoroughly terrified prisoner in before them.

The place was dark and desolate, and well calculated to excite the fears, under all circumstances, of an effeminate and conscience-stricken creature like the would-be seducer Grant-ham (for the reader will already have discovered that it was he), as he had called himself to our poor child Madeline. There was no light in the place to show him his danger, if there were any—the pale moon struggling in vain to force its feeble rays through the frosted window; and while he had seen enough of his detainers to know that one at least was more reckless than merciful, he saw that he was now shut in, away from all chances of assistance, and was entirely at their mercy. Irresolute, trembling, and terrified, he stood there in the centre of the room, to which the strong arm of the other had thrust him, with his hands clasped, and his body shrunk up, the very portraiture of wretchedness and apprehension.

“What, what have you brought me here for?” he gasped almost in a frenzy of fright, as Mark slammed to the door and so shut out the only ray of light that had hitherto kept the hovel from total darkness.

“Oh, don’t alarm yourself, young fellow,” said Mark, crossing to the window and endeavouring to remove some of the thick frost from the glass. “I dare say,” he continued, “your feelings are very sensitive. Confound you, then,” he added fiercely, “couldn’t that teach you to have a little respect for the feelings of a poor innocent girl? I’ve watched you for the last fortnight past, you miserable puppy, you; only I thought the girl was too much for you.”

“There, never mind that, Mark,” said William deprecatingly; “all we can do now is to find her. Say what you will, it can’t make it any different.”

“Well, that’s true enough,” said Mark, quitting his fruitless task at the window. “Have you a match, Bill? I should like to see his face, or we shall have him cramming us with lies by the bushel.”

"No, I haven't one about me," returned William.

"I—I've got matches," stammered Grantham, for the darkness was the source of his greatest terror.

"Well, now then," said Mark, laying down his pistol, as soon as the light was produced, on the remains of the table, and looking the other full and fiercely in the face, "what we want to know from you is, where is the girl? No lies will do for us now. You can't shuffle us out of what we know; so out with it, whatever it is! or, by heaven, I promise you you'll never look upon day-light again out of this hole."

The young man stood trembling and irresolute, with his knees knocking together, and the power of speech appeared entirely to have deserted him.

"Come, sir," said William, who looked completely prostrated and broken-spirited, "you have done us all an injury that perhaps you can never undo; and if we was like some, that mightn't feel even half so much for the poor girl herself as what we do, perhaps it would be a more serious matter for you than even now. But you're a young man, thoughtless, like the rest of 'em, and, whatever I may feel, I'm ready to make every allowance. It's a cruel thing, it's a base, cowardly thing, sir! but I don't want to harm you, it can't do no good now; if you'll only tell us where she is, and assist us to bring her back. You can't do less, and, if you're the least bit of a man, now you sees what you've been and done, you will be glad to have the opportunity offered you to do it."

Grantham was evidently more sensibly affected by far by this frank and manly generosity from the broken-hearted lover of the unfortunate girl, than by the fierce threats of her more hot-blooded brother; and his agitation was intense as he stammered out in reply,

"I will tell—I will tell you all I know, if you will believe me. Good Heavens! I must have been mad, or I couldn't have done it. I can't think whatever it was that made me such a devil! I'm deeply sorry, I am, I am!" he cried, bursting fairly into tears and throwing his hands wildly about in the excess of his

remorse. "Will you believe me if I tell you all I know?" he continued, appealing to them in a manner which left no doubt on their minds of his intended sincerity. "Indeed I don't know where she is at this moment, but I will help you to find her. I have not seen her since last night, and I have been anxiously looking for her all this day. I will explain to you the whole affair from beginning to end, if you will believe me."

"Go on; we can believe the truth," said Mark.

"I came out here, I may tell you, from England," resumed Grantham, regaining confidence as he perceived that they were disposed to hear him quietly, "about six months ago. I have been ever since looking for employment throughout the whole Province, and have been unable to obtain it in any shape or form. I have offered to do any thing whatever, even manual labor, but have been unable to get even that. This gradually made me careless and reckless; a sort of callous spell seemed to grow over me. Getting nothing whatever to do, I was ultimately compelled to apply for assistance to a merchant in this town who had been known to my family at home under very peculiar circumstances. Owing to the peculiar nature of our acquaintance, he could not very well refuse me, and I was ultimately admitted into his house. While here I saw your sister, who was at that time in one of the stores opposite," he continued, addressing Mark.

"Well?"

"Well, speaking in all seriousness, you cannot be surprised, that, however culpable my subsequent conduct, I should have been deeply taken with her. After she left her situation, I saw her on several different occasions, but never by appointment or with her consent, until the last time but one, when I think she was, like myself, a good deal distracted by her misfortunes and those of her friends, for she spoke of nothing else. Well, actuated partly on the one side by the influence which she had unconsciously exerted over my mind, and on the other by the gross insults and taunts to which I was subjected by the party I was staying with, who, although I was living in his house,

was nevertheless under infinitely more obligations, of a very serious nature too, to me and my family, than I to him; and rendered still more reckless by the utter hopelessness that I saw of obtaining the means of gaining my own livelihood, or even of getting out of the country, I some how or other formed the determination of robbing the house of a large sum, to which, to add to the temptation, I had free access on almost all occasions, and leaving the country and endeavouring to induce the girl to accompany me."

"Why, good God!" cried Mark, striking his hand violently on the table, "you're a double scoundrel. You wasn't content with ruining her character, but you must want to put her in gaol at the same time. You must make a common thief of her, must you!" he continued, clutching at the pistol and grinding his teeth savagely together.

"Mark," said William, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder, "we shall find her again. Think what you have been driven to yourself through idleness."

Mark, with a start, dropped his hold of the pistol, and, shaking his head disturbedly up and down, he fell heavily into one of the broken seats, and then, quietly resting his chin upon the palm of his hands, looked up at them in sullen, stoical silence.

"Go on, go on," said William, addressing the young man, seeing that he stood looking down upon the ground in silent confusion.

"There is so little more to tell you," he resumed, "that I fear you will scarcely believe that I have told you all. But what can I do? I can only tell you what I know. I am very deeply sorry, but it is too late. I met her last night, and, by promising to assist her parents, succeeded in persuading her to accompany me. I left her for a short time to make my preparations, and sent a sleigh for her, but when I met her again she had apparently changed her mind. She called out to me to stop the sleigh and allow her to return; and perhaps I should have done so, but I had discovered that the alarm had already been given, and that I was pursued. I was greatly alarmed, and thought

of nothing but escape, and dashed forward regardless of everything else. At first she was a good deal alarmed, and I think clung to the sleigh through fright. But after we had run for ten or twelve miles, and were some distance a-head of our pursuers, she became more collected, and insisted on my setting her down. But I was still too terrified to stop the sleigh. I had heard her voice speaking loudly and hurriedly for some time, without being able, in my fright, even to comprehend what she said,—when I saw her suddenly leap over the side. I looked back, and, to my surprise, saw that the pursuing sleigh was close behind me, and this added so much to my terror, that I instinctively lashed on the horses, and for the moment thought only of flying from the gaol. It was cowardly, dastardly, to leave her so,—I know it, but my fright was so great that I could not force myself to stop."

"Just what I should expect," said Mark ; "what more ?"

"I have not seen her since," resumed the other. "I succeeded in eluding the officers ; and I then formed the resolution of returning with what I had taken and throwing myself on the mercy of the owner. But on arriving again in Toronto, it suddenly occurred to me that I had placed a diamond ring of considerable value upon the girl's finger, and in my alarm had not received it back again. It were impossible for me to return without it ; and I have to-day been everywhere that I could go to with safety to look for her, but without success. I am justly punished—I am ruined for life. It was a base, thoughtless, miscreant's act, and it has justly returned upon myself. But although you will scarcely give me credit for so much, I tell you from my soul that that is a far more happy reflection to me at this moment, than would have been the most complete success of the cowardly villany. She is a good, dear girl," he said, with the tears streaming down his cheeks ; "you may love her as dearly as ever, when you again find her, for she will be as good and as innocent as when you last saw her. It was all done against her will ; I alone am to blame."

"And is this all you know indeed ?" said William, something

revived by the intelligence on the whole, in which he felt disposed to put every confidence.

"It is all," returned Grantham. "I have put myself entirely in your hands. You can accelerate my ruin, or you can be still more generous than you have hitherto been, and assist me to undo what I have done. I am both grieved and distracted about her, poor child, I *am*. But it is done; and it is not in my power altogether to undo it. I will do anything, everything in my power; will you let me?"

"Let you," cried Mark, suddenly starting to his feet; "don't you think you deserve to be shot down for your villainy like a dog?"

"Hush, hush, Mark," said William; "we can't mend it so. "You see, sir," he continued, turning to Grantham, as he paced the room disturbedly to and fro, "what your wild, ungodly passions lead to. I can make allowance for your being a thoughtless young man, and I know the way in which some of you are edyericated to look down upon a poor helpless girl that 'aint nothing but her virtue to make her respectable and respected. I know it. Perhaps it aint your fault, but it aint the less base for that; and I hope as this will be a lesson to you to know that if we're poor we has hearts and feelings as well as you; we respects ourselves as well as you, and our friends is as dear to us as what yours is. We may be poor, we may be unedyericated, but we aint barbarous. It aint your fault if the poor child aint ruined outright; and we don't know what has become of her even now. Then do you think that nobody loves her? do you think she aint got a father and mother, and sisters and brothers, that loves her dearly? And wasn't she as good, and pure, and innocent a girl as was in the world. What is her feelings now, then? It would be well if you, as thinks so lightly of a poor girl because she aint pr'tected by wealth and edyerication, would think of this. I don't always think it's because you wants the feeling altogether—perhaps it aint; but you ought to think what you're doing, and you ought to know that virtue's to be respected and to be held sacred just as much in the poor

girl as in the rich : it aint more commendable in one than the other, and sometimes perhaps it aint so much. If it had ha' been your sister, perhaps you'd ha' shot the man dead that would ha' done it ; but perhaps even in that we may teach you a lesson that you've yet to learn. We may be poor, but we aint barbarous. Now, sir, will you assist us to find her ? And if we do find her, and it's all true what you have told us, perhaps we may teach you something about us that you may have cause to remember."

"Thank you, thank you ! I have been a base villain," cried Grantham, completely overcome by these generous, noble-minded remarks from one so far his inferior in education and advantages. "I will go with you anywhere ; I will do anything. What can we do ? She may possibly be staying in some of the farming-houses in the neighbourhood of the spot at which she left the sleigh. I don't think she has returned to Toronto."

"No, she is not in the town," said Mark, "or she would come here."

"Shall we go, then ? I will conduct you."

"Yes, William, let us go. She must be somewhere on the road," said Mark. "She is not in the town ; we must scour the country. It is well, young sir," he continued, addressing Grantham and placing the pistol in his breast, "you have made a clean breast of it. I am hot-headed, but I am not unreasonable if I can help it. We're all villains in our way, I suppose. But there's only two objects in the world that I dearly love, and them's my mother and my sister. She's an angel, and always was, and I'd die for her any time. Mind that ! I don't say what I don't mean. I love her, and I'd die for her ; and let any one that injures her take care. Come, we've got to walk it ; let's be off at once."

So saying, he put out the light, and they all emerged from the hut together.

In order to avoid the chances of detection, of which Grantham was still fearfully apprehensive, they waded across the fields, and kept as far back from the leading thoroughfares as

possible, until they were a considerable distance from the town. When, from the nature of the country, they were compelled to take to the road, they pushed forward at a rapid pace; the young fugitive keeping as much as possible concealed under cover of his companions from the observation of the sleigh-passengers that every now and then passed them on the road.

Having delayed to make enquiries at an endless number of farm-houses on the way (from which, however, they derived no intelligence whatever that could afford them any additional clue), it was nearly midnight when they arrived at the spot where Madeline, according to Grantham's statement, had left the sleigh. It was a lonely, desolate spot, and but one solitary house was visible in the moonlight throughout the great white world that stretched away around them on every side.

There was a light still gleaming from this solitary shanty, and, as it seemed to them extremely probable that the girl had taken shelter there, it being the only habitation near the spot, they made to it at once, and knocked gently at the door.

"Who's there?" cried a churlish woman's voice from within.

"Friends, friends, my good woman," replied William.

It required some considerable altercation and explanation to induce the woman, who appeared to be alone, to open the door; but when she did, she threw it open without reserve, and, requesting her visitors to shut it again, retired to her seat before the fire on the hearth, and, sitting down with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, looked up at them in silence and with the utmost apparent unconcern.

She was a short, bony, wrinkled old lady, with a very sharp eye, and a very pointed nose, and a very inhospitable expression, which was by no means improved by the attitude she had assumed.

"Well, what now?" she said, in a hoarse whisper, after they had closed the door behind them.

"We want to ask you," said William, "if you have seen anything of a young girl who we suppose to ha' lost her way on this road last night?"

"Yes, I suppose I have," replied the woman.

"Indeed! Can you tell us where she is?"

"Where every one else is, I suppose," replied the woman; "in the States, I should think, long ago. She had a black—a nigger—with her. That's her, I suppose?"

The two friends looked inquiringly at Grantham, who at once explained that such might have been the case, and related the circumstances that had probably led to it.

"But why, my good woman," he concluded, "do you suppose they have gone to the States?"

"Why, her friends are there, ain't they?" replied the woman carelessly. "I don't know anything about it. They came here and asked for the night's lodging, and they had it. The girl seemed too ill to know anything. I understood the black to say he was going to take her to her friends, and that they were somewhere in the States. He was talking about the States the best part of the night. That's all I know. They were both gone before I was down in the morning, so I know nothing more. I don't interfere in other people's business; I've got enough to do with my own, quite enough."

"Thank you, we're much obliged to you," said William. "Mark," he continued, turning anxiously to his friend, "who is this black? He must have known her and the family. He has followed them with her to the States evidently. Heaven send it is so."

"I think it very likely that he was acquainted with her, from his conduct altogether," said Grantham.

"Well, this is good news if true," said William. "She may be with them again by this time, Mark. Did you say she was ill, my good woman?"

"She seemed so," said the woman; "not very, perhaps. I'm not inquisitive. The black seemed very kind to her."

"And you know no more about her, nor to what part they proposed going?"

"Nothing."

"You seem very lonely here, my good woman."

"Lonely!" said she, shifting uneasily in her seat, "yes, lonely enough, and sour and surly enough, I dare say. It's no wonder. Look what I've got to put up with. Where's my husband—where's my sons? Why, all away in the States to look for work. And I may starve here if I can't do any better, I suppose. It aint their fault. They worked hard and kept a good house while there was work to be got; but the country seems ruined. There's no work to be got in it. Go into the next town and there you'll see the factory where they used to work, and plenty more like it, a tumbling down, and lots of families that I used to know that was fed by them, a starving. And that's the way it is everywhere; it aint there only, for they've been half over the country, and it's all the same."

"I'm very sorry for you," said William; "but what you say is quite true. We're suffering from the same cause. Well," he continued turning to Mark, "what shall we do? We must follow them. You can't return, sir," he said, addressing Grantham in an undertone, "until you get what she unfortunately has got: so we had better push on together. We may overtake them. I know something of the route our friends have taken, and I think there seems to be every prospect that the poor girl has been providentially led to follow them, thank heaven!"

Being able to get no further information from the solitary old woman, they left the house, and, being all agreed upon the probability, from what they had heard, that Madeline had fallen in with a protector who was acquainted with the movements of her friends, and with him had followed them on their way to the States, they at once pushed on together on the journey, with renewed hope and vigour, thinking that every step was bringing them nearer to their object; but, alas for the unhappy Madeline, every step was another link in the chain of her misfortune and woe.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTOLERANT JUSTICE.—ANOTHER LINK.

Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice.

BURNS.

It was two days after the committal of Madeline to the hospital, that Mr. Fleesham, with a look of moral triumph upon his virtuous front and a celestial halo encircling him from his boots upwards, called upon Borrowdale and said,

"Well, Borrowdale, sold again; sorry to say, sold again!"

"Eh, eh, what's that?" said Borrowdale. "Sold! who's sold?"

"Why, your philanthropy, to be sure, my fine fellow. Your innocent little paragon, your simplicity itself, has bowled herself out. She turns out to be just the fag-end of a gang of thieves and pickpockets. The gang have decamped and left your little innocence behind. No doubt she had too much simplicity for them—ha, ha, ha! Lor bless you, simplicity itself!"

"Well, well, but, bless my soul, how is this,—who's your informant,—where did it come from?" cried Borrowdale, considerably alarmed.

"Oh, from the divinity herself," returned the triumphant Fleesham. "Open confession is good for the soul, you know; and especially, no doubt, for a soul of about her calibre. Well, to be sober," he continued, seating himself with a calm, dignified demeanor, that comported well with the great moral burden upon his mind, "yesterday evening the unhappy creature, being sufficiently well, was duly questioned by the proper authorities about the possession of the stolen property, and of course requested

to give an account of herself. And among other things—a long rigmarole that no one could understand, much less believe—she gave what she called her address, and stated that her mother and father were to be found there. Very well, the officers went there; and what should they find but an empty house—one of the most disreputable-looking places in the neighbourhood—and the whole band decamped. It seems their appearance had long attracted the suspicion of the neighbourhood; and after all, it is supposed, finding the place getting too hot to hold them—having first maliciously pulled the house almost down about their ears, wrenched up the flooring, pulled down the cupboard and wainscoting, and committed all the depredations they could think of—they suddenly make off in the middle of the night, after, I expect, systematically plundering the whole town; and nothing more is heard of them. A band of plunderers; and your little innocence is a fair specimen of the genus, no doubt, left behind as a legacy to the Toronto gaol. So there you are, Borrowdale! I told you so; this is the class. Virtue, my dear sir, wears another complexion. Confidence, confidence, sir, is all very well; but confidence must have a foundation—a solid moral foundation, sir!"

Yes, verily, Fleesham, thou hast triumphed. Great is the exultation of thy great soul over the triumph of the immaculate. Jealous art thou, O immaculate Fleesham, for the everlasting principles of justice, the safety of public morals and thy wife's jewel-case. Oh, let us be virtuous! Against heaven and earth and the pit, let us be virtuous! Let not the tainted come nigh to us; crush, despoil, and utterly annihilate the tainted thing, although all the goodness and tenderness of the angels be incorporated with it. We are immaculate, our eyes are turned upward, and our iron heel is planted on the tainted skull of offence.

Oh, that the world might emulate thee, thou spotless retailer of precepts and calico. Oh that, like thee, they might batten on morality and mutton-chops, and be very virtuous! Yea, verily, let us be virtuous and moral, or let the earth open and devour us!

Borrowdale was evidently a good deal pained by this unexpected intelligence, and it was some time before he could sufficiently recover his self-possession to reply. He had already taken a considerable interest in the unfortunate girl, and had repeatedly, during the previous forty-eight hours, "staked his existence" to Fleesham on her innocence, upon the credit of that pale, gentle, ingenuous countenance alone: and to be sure we would have staked our existence on it as readily as he.

"Why, bless my soul!" he cried at length, thrusting his hands deep into his breeches' pockets, probably with the view to prevent the possibility of his unwittingly committing himself with the same, by bringing them in undue contact with his informant's virtuous head, towards which a direct tendency at the moment was predominant in his mind,—“why, bless my soul, and you mean to say, Fleesham, that you could look into that child's countenance and believe all this?”

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Fleesham contemptuously; "well that's good. Countenance indeed! What, confidence in a countenance! Wolves in sheep's clothing, eh!—you've heard of that?"

"Why, merciful heaven!" cried Borrowdale, jumping up from his seat and rushing furiously about the room, "what's come to the world! A girl like that a companion of thieves and pick-pockets, a thief—a—why, I'll stake my existence on it, sir! Didn't I see her myself yesterday—didn't I converse with her—wasn't I thoroughly convinced of her innocence? Why, my own daughter isn't more innocent of evil than that poor child."

"Did you question her on the subject itself?" asked Fleesham.

"Question her!" returned the other, with something like contempt for the bare idea. "What, question a child in her state on a grave matter like that! Question her! What, ask an angel that scarcely had the strength to articulate 'no,' if she was a thief! Heaven forbid."

"Well," said Fleesham, something chagrined in his turn, "she's well enough now. You may be able to put what questions you please to her in the gaol to-morrow."

"Never!" cried Borrowdale, striking the table a tremendous blow in the intensity of his excitement. "I'll be bond for her, I'll vouch for her innocence, and, what is more, I'll prove it, sir."

The good old philanthropist was completely overcome. The tears stood out in his eyes, and, with his head averted to conceal his weakness, he rushed for several minutes up and down the room in a state of great excitement, before he could sufficiently control himself to speak again, without exposing the soft side of his nature to an extent that, under the circumstances, was not altogether convenient.

"Now, seriously, Fleesham," he said, seating himself and speaking slowly and calmly as soon as he had subdued his emotion sufficiently, "this girl must not be removed to the gaol until we are thoroughly satisfied on the facts of the case. I'll be responsible for her. Give me a week, say ten days; I'll take care of the girl; and if I don't succeed in satisfactorily demonstrating her innocence by that time, I'll say no more about it—the authorities shall deal with it. You can trust me, Fleesham? She shall be forthcoming to answer the charge in ten days from this. I have sufficient confidence in her entire innocence to keep her in my own house. Mrs. Borrowdale is in want of a housemaid, and I am satisfied she will be content, upon my recommendation, to try her at all events."

"The fact is, Borrowdale," returned the other, "I am positively sorry to see you involving yourself in such a fruitless undertaking. But, of course, I must yield to your request. But, for your own sake, I must strictly confine you to the ten days. You shall have your way; but repent it you must; such confidence is invariably imposed upon."

After some little further discussion on the matter, this compromise was definitely agreed upon, and Fleesham rose to depart; and there was on the countenance of Fleesham an expression of compassion for the moral weakness and credulity of his philanthropic friend that was beautiful to behold. Fleesham pitied him; from the very bottom of his virtuous soul, wherever that might be, did Fleesham pity him. And fervently did he cast

his eyes upward, and thank the propitious stars of his destiny that they had not made him soft—that Fleesham was not of the tender mould, that there was none of the credulous wax about Fleesham—in short, that Fleesham and Borrowdale, to use a popular exponent, were not of the same kidney.

“Why, heaven preserve the place!” said Fleesham, as his eyes passed through the window into the street, and, as a natural consequence, fell straightway upon a whole family of ill-clad beggars who were parading themselves through the snow and cold therein, out of mere bravado, no doubt, for the purpose of offending the delicate sense of the more decorous,—“why, heaven preserve the place! look where you will there is one everlasting scene of beggars. Who can wonder at a universal want of Confidence, when the very doors are besieged by such disreputable scenes as these? Confusion take the people; why don’t they go to their own country to beg, if beg they must?”

“Poor things,” said Borrowdale abstractedly, “they must be half frozen to death. Look at their covering; why, they have scarcely a rag to their backs.”

“That’s true,” said Fleesham, with a sudden dash of compassion in his tone; for it suddenly occurred to him that this afforded a good opportunity for touching his friend on his commercial policy. “And yet,” he continued, “difficult as it evidently is for them to obtain even that, you would, by your Protection policy, make it still more so, by putting an additional tax on everything they wear,—eh, Borrowdale?”

“Eh, eh, what’s that?” cried Borrowdale, effectually startled from his abstraction by this, to him, extraordinary accusation. “Additional tax, prevent their obtaining,—why, bless my soul, what do you mean, sir? Let me correct you on this point, pray—just one moment. Now, what do we want to do? We want to bring to their doors the manufacturer of all that they wear, instead of having him three thousand miles away. Well, what’s the result? Instead of having, as now, to pay on every yard of stuff that they wear, first the shipping agent, who reduces it a few ells; then for the freight, which reduces it a quarter of a

yard ; then you, the importer, who reduce it another ell or two ; and so on, until by the time it comes to the poor man, he gets only a half a yard instead of a yard,—instead of this wholesale tax, then, our policy is to give him the article direct from the maker, and so let him have the full yard for his money, without any deduction whatever. This is the way we would tax them. And this is the way our policy works in every instance. Take anything, any article of common use, though it only comes the little distance from the States, upon which the protection *tax*, as you call it, has already been in operation. Take those rubbers on your feet, for instance ; what is the result of the imposition of the *tax* upon them ? Why, if you will take the trouble to go back to the time when we had free trade in them, you will find that the price then was 6s. 3d. per pair ; whereas now that the imposition of the *tax* has raised our manufacturers in Montreal, and enabled us to manufacture them for ourselves, we get the same article for 4s. This is the way we would tax them. The same result has followed on boots and shoes ; they are now ten and fifteen per cent. cheaper through the tax, because we make them on the spot and are no longer compelled to send to Boston for them. Again *we*, adopting the Free Trade principles of England, would give them—these poor people—their necessities of life, their tea and sugar and coffee and molasses, *free* of duty altogether, while you, with your present policy, impose on these articles a tax of 15 or 20 per cent. Do you see this, Fleesham ?”

Fleesham might have seen it, but Fleesham was silent.

“ But,” continued Borrowdale, “ advisable as all this may be, it is nothing, simply nothing. What would be the use of cheap goods to those poor wretches, let me ask you ? Why, they would be as well able to purchase the finest broadcloth as the commonest sack. But what is our Protection policy ? Why, not only to give them their goods cheap, but, by the very process by which we arrive at that, to give them at the same time the employment that will enable them to purchase them ; not to keep them beggars still, with better clothes on their backs ; but to take

them off the streets altogether, and to make them respectable citizens and honest men."

Very soon after this—in fact, very soon indeed, Fleesham departed; and the expression which Fleesham carried away upon his countenance, was by no means of the triumphant character of that which had shone forth so conspicuously on his arrival.

"Extraordinary, extraordinary," said Borrowdale, pacing disturbedly up and down the room as soon as he was left alone, "that Morland should not have come before this. I promised to intercede for him, and—bless my soul! I can't understand it. He must know something about the girl. Well, I must find him—he must be found. Look, my dear—about this girl," he added, addressing his wife, who entered at the moment, "she is as innocent a little creature as ever walked, I am sure of that. You could make her useful about the house for a few days, while I investigate the matter; couldn't you, my dear?"

"Oh, I dare say we could," said Mrs. Borrowdale. "Poor child, is she well enough?"

"I am told so."

"Then, I am very willing, certainly. If she is what you describe her, at the worst she can't be past reclaiming. And I am very sure the prison is not the place to reclaim any one, much less a child like that. Poor girl. I am very willing."

The preliminaries being thus satisfactorily arranged, Madeline was on the following day removed to the Borrowdale's establishment to undergo her ten days' probation; and she was very grateful to her kind benefactors for the goodness and benevolence therein manifested towards her.

CHAPTER IX.

GENTLE HINTS.—PROFESSIONAL JUSTICE.

How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud !

YOUNG.

It was on the tenth day after the admission of Madeline into the family of the Borrowdales, that Laura and she, with very troubled countenances, were conversing alone in the parlor. They both looked very sad indeed. And while Madeline hung down her head and pulled mechanically the ends of her apron and struck her foot nervously against the floor, the tears stood in the bright eyes of Laura, and her heart beat very fast, and her head was thrown pensively on one side, and she looked the very picture of beautiful grief.

"It must be he, Mad—I'm sure it must be he," said Laura, in continuation of some former remarks ; "because everything corresponds. And yet he always seemed so good. Oh, however could he have been so wicked ! Nobody could help liking him, Mad ; they could'n't help it. And yet, and yet, it's so cruel ; it's very cruel and wicked ; and I am sure he is—he is," the bright tears came glistening from her eyes, and her heart beat so much faster, and it was so very full of grief, that her utterance was checked, and the sweet, silent eloquence of her tears were left alone to accuse him. If the pain could but be charmed from the sweet soul itself, who might not err to be accused ?

"I'm very sorry, I'm very sorry," sobbed Madeline. "I would give the world, all the world, if it hadn't happened. I never meant anything wrong, and yet it has all turned out so. They were all so kind to me too ! I can't think how I could be so

wicked to leave them. I must have been possessed ! I'm very sorry, I'm very sorry indeed, miss."

"I don't think it could have been your fault, Mad," said Laura, looking abstractedly through her tears at the fire ; "I don't think you would do anything so very wrong."

"I wouldn't, I wouldn't indeed, miss, if I knew it," cried Madeline.

"No, I can't think you would," continued Laura, still looking vacantly into the fire. "I don't know anything about it, you know, Mad; it is so strange, it seems all so wicked. I can't have any idea about it, you know, because I can't understand it; but I feel sure you wouldn't do any thing so very wicked. And I am sure I never thought he could ; but I know he has done something that's very wrong, because we've been told."

"Oh, if you could see him," said Madeline, wringing her hands distractedly, "if you could only see him, I'm sure he would tell you that I was not to blame; I know he would. But there is no one to speak for me; they are all gone. Even my mother, who I loved so much, thinks me very bad, and there's no one to tell her. I could die, miss, die sooner than that. I could ; I'm sure I could."

"Oh, that's very wrong, Mad," said Laura. "Besides pa is trying to find them, you know, and I dare say he won't be long before he succeeds. But he will never be seen again, I know that. Never, Mad, never," she said, as the tears again filled her eyes. "I shall go and have a good cry to myself, and then try to forget him altogether ; although, although—oh, hark, here's pa."

The words were scarcely from her lips when the door opened and Borrowdale entered the room. It was not often that anything like real grief was found very deeply set upon that happy, contented, benevolent, soul-beaming countenance ; but they both started involuntarily as they beheld the strange expression of mingled grief and alarm that now sat there. He was evidently unusually distressed, and there was an unwonted flurry in his manner, that, combined with the sadness on his counte-

nance, was very ominous indeed; and as his eye fell upon Madeline, her heart beat violently, and she shrank back and let fall her head, as though she intuitively recognized in that sad expression some new and immediate calamity for herself.

"Why, Laura darling, you here!" he said, turning in some surprise to his daughter. "Stay, my love! why so fast?" he added, catching both her hands in his and looking earnestly into her tearful eyes as she was about to hurry from the room.

She looked up timidly and tried to smile through her tears, but no smile would come to her assistance, and she dropped her head again and fresh tears added to her confusion.

"What is it, what is it, my pretty one?" he added, smoothing down her hair with his hands and kissing her fondly.

"Nothing, pa, nothing," she said. "Pray let me go, pa—pray."

"Run away, then, my child, and dry those silly tears, if it is really nothing," he said, releasing her, "and tell me all about it by-and-by."

Laura covered her pretty face with her hands and hurried away in a great flutter to her own room, where all her accumulated feelings gave way at once, and burst forth in one great, sorrowful fit of genuine crying.

"Well, Madeline," said Borrowdale, turning to the half-terrified girl as soon as his daughter was gone, "I am in great distress about you, child. What can be done! Bless my soul, I can't tell, I can't tell, my good girl. I can find no clue to your friends—none whatever. And really, in the absence of other evidence, I am at a loss, however satisfied I may be myself of the truthfulness of your statements, to tell how it must end."

"They are true, they are all true," cried Madeline; "they are indeed, sir, every word."

"I believe they are, child," he returned, looking at her kindly, but with the same distress still upon his features. "Both *your* statements and those of the poor man White perfectly correspond, and are entirely satisfactory to me; but unfortunately they are not sufficient to satisfy the law and the others interested.

Bless me, what can we do!" he cried, pacing the room to and fro with his eyes cast down thoughtfully upon the floor. "They have my positive promise that I will not interfere beyond to-day, and nothing I can say or do can convince them. I have just seen them; but a stone wall would sooner listen to reason. I expect them here every moment," he added, turning again to the girl, "to hear your statements again. But what can you tell them more than you have already told them? I have requested them to come here, for I am determined not to let you go from under my roof if I can prevent it. But, bless me, whatever can we say to them!"

"Oh, you wont let them take me away, sir!" cried Madeline, clasping her hands together and trembling with fright. "Oh, if they take me to a prison, whatever will become of me! I could never meet them again—my poor mother—I couldn't, I couldn't! It will destroy me, it will, it will, and I am innocent; Heaven knows I am innocent."

Borrowdale stood looking at her earnestly as she said this, and an involuntary shudder passed through him as he beheld, in that flushed countenance and that darting eye, the distant thoughts that were rumbling afar off in her mind, the goal to which her wrongs, through the medium of that very sense that gave her a horror of evil and made her innocent and good, was already pointing her.

The insentient and dullened soul may bear the heavy hand of many wrongs, and may emerge from much abuse but little scathed; but of the sensitive, and gentle, and unsullied, the soul that has the fire of sense and that the angels guard, be very careful; it is blasted with a touch. Ye cannot frame it in its purity, ye cannot make it what it is; then neither can ye restore it again when its nice mechanism is despoiled.

He stood contemplating her in silence for some moments, and his countenance grew sadder and sadder and his eyes moistened, and, when at length he essayed to speak, the trembling of his voice gave evidence of the intensity of his emotion and of the deep interest he felt for the safety of the poor friendless, houseless suppliant who pleaded before him.

"They will have much to answer for if they so much wrong you, my child," he said, more in a half soliloquy to himself than to the girl. "Gentleness, gentleness. The rough hand will crush you—I see it, I see it. A step, a folly rudely chastened, to what may it not lead! Come, my girl, be seated and let me talk to you."

The girl was about to comply, when a loud knock at the street door startled them both, and the girl, rushing forward with a frightened look and clasping her hands before him, cried,

"Oh, sir, they've come! they'll take me, they'll take me away; oh, will you let them take me, sir?"

"Be calm, be calm, child," said Borrowdale, motioning her quietly to a chair; "no injustice shall be done you if I can prevent it."

The street door was opened, and they at once heard a voice which they instantly recognized, calling out in the passage,

"Whar hab de massa, whar hab be de massa Borrowdale? Dis de mos' rascal ting I ebber see."

Borrowdale opened the room door, and his eye at once fell upon the indignant countenance appertaining to White the black, and also upon that of Mr. Fleesham, and on that of a third party in tight attire, who nodded on him familiarly and winked voluminously towards the excited black.

"Oh, here a be, here a be, sir," cried White, rushing forward with his arms extended in an appealing manner. "Here hab de stranges' bus'ness ebber whar, massa. Da say da get me in de trouble 'bout de poor gal, and get the poor gal in de trouble too. What hab he to do? Demos' rascal ting, massa, da get de poor feller in de trouble. What hab he dun—what hab he dun, I say?" he cried, turning fiercely upon the tight individual.

"Ha, this here's nothing new to us, Mr. Borrowdale, sir," said the tight individual; "we're used to this sort of thing. This here's professional, sir—in fact, to a professional eye this sort of thing's about nowhere."

"Pray come in, Fleesham, will you," said Borrowdale, some-

thing annoyed by the professional familiarity of the tight individual.

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Borrowdale," said Fleesham, following him into the room. "Shaver, this way," he added, motioning the tight individual to follow—a motioning which appeared to be entirely unnecessary, since Shaver had evidently made up his mind for the time being to consider himself at home and to do as he thought fit. "I am very sorry—I am, indeed; but really, for your own sake, this thing must be brought to an issue. Besides, I have not told you to what an extent I am a loser by this robbery. It is something considerable, I can assure you. And I am satisfied in my own mind that this girl—oh, here she is, by the by—I am fully satisfied that she is in the whole secret of the affair from first to last."

"Ha," said Shaver, favoring Borrowdale with another mark of confidence from his official eye, "to a professional eye this here is about as transparent a little matter as has come under my experience—ha."

With that, Shaver proceeded to unbutton his coat with that cool, professional air peculiar to the official world generally, and, having as coolly knocked the snow off his moccasins against the fender, and suspended his official cap artistically on the back of a chair and seated himself therein, he drew forth a large official pocket-book, and, giving it a friendly slap with his left hand, nodded good-naturedly on Fleesham, as much as to say, "Used to this sort of thing, you see; not much of the bashful about me; take something to disconcert Shaver; Shaver's your man; Shaver's the man to handle this little bit of business for you—just watch him."

During all this time Madeline sat crouched down in the chair, trembling and terrified, and her eyes wandered wildly about from one to another. But there was a still, calm voice in that terror and in that rambling eye, that spoke from her wounded soul within, and seemed to cry to the hard heart of justice, "Beware how you inflict the wound; you have no charm against

the poison. From the distraction and ignominy of the gaol, the innocence you would destroy sees but one escape."

"Well, I think we may to business at once," said Shaver, taking a professional survey of his prospective prisoners. "I think we will take the girl's deposition fust. The male pris—I beg pardon, accused, will please to withdraw."

"What for hab I de, 'cused?" cried the black indignantly. 'What hab he dun? What for he withdraw? We tell all de truth. Dare noting more to tell ben he tell it all, ab dare? Berry bell, den, dare de end ob it. You rob me ob my work dis berry day; de ony work he hab for dis long time. Dis a mos' rascal bus'ness, Massa Borrowdale, sir."

"Never mind, man," said Borrowdale, motioning the black into the adjoining room, "just remain in there for a short time. We will see that no injustice is done you."

"Well, now, then, miss, if you please," said Shaver, addressing Madeline, as soon as these preliminaries were arranged, with as much of the profound demeanor of the Bench as his imitative faculties could command, "we'll trouble you, if you please, for the history of this here ring, and the other properties as was stole with the same from the private residence of the honor'ble gentleman by my side as is the prosecutor in the case. And at the same time, I'd just caution you that I here makes a note of what you say, and as the same 'll be brought up as evidence agen you when you stands upon your trial at the 'sizes or elsewhere. Now we wants the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help—and so forth, 'cording to law. And I'd just remind you, at the same time, as you're speaking to a professional man. This sort of thing aint very new to me, you know; in fact, to a professional man, a lie in a matter of this sort's about nowhere. So have a care, and remember the ear as is open to you."

Never did the countenance of any Lord Chief Justice that was ever called upon to condemn a criminal to the scaffold, beam with such unalloyed satisfaction as did the pimpled countenance of Shaver as he concluded this solemn charge to his

trembling victim, as she sat with her terrified eyes rivetted mechanically on his own. And never did a solitary nod that was ever produced from mortal head betray a tithe part of the significance and depth that went forth from that silent jerk with which he favored the admiring Fleesham, as that happy consummation was arrived at.

O, ye pigmies of office, ye small retailers of authority, from Jack Ketch upwards! how ye love to ape the iron hand that is even laid upon your own necks! Ye have the tail of the giant committed to your charge, and ye wag it well for your little day; surely ye are "monkeys of a larger growth."

If fear and scorn can mingle together into one expression, it was that with which Madeline listened to these remarks from the keen-eyed official. And it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to comply with their request in narrating the history of the circumstances which had led to her present misfortunes, the substance of which she had already recounted to their incredulous ears on several different occasions. And it was only by the kind persuasions of Borrowdale, who was almost as excited and distressed as herself, that she at last yielded, and, with a trembling voice and palpitating heart, again narrated the circumstances from first to last; with the whole of which the reader is, of course, already acquainted.

"There," said Borrowdale, when she had concluded, "there, gentlemen; really nothing could be more ingenuously told. You can find no discrepancy, no prevarication, from beginning to end. It is impossible not to believe it. And the poor black's story entirely corroborates it in every essential particular. I have no hesitation myself in saying that it *must* be true. Your only alternative is to find the other parties. You can't possibly, with any semblance of justice, accuse the girl."

"Hem, ha; too transparent for a professional eye, do 'sure you," said Shaver, looking a whole and complete volume of compassion for the professional ignorance of the poor benighted philanthropist. "Lor, this is nothing new to the profession—as old as the hills; in fact, a thing of this here sort, to a profes-

sional eye, is about nowhere. A concerted story, from first to last; a cheat on the very face of it. Wont do, never would; in fact, professionally speaking, it's about nowhere. In short, my lady, you're seen through, like a piece of glass. A very pretty tale, but it's too old. It wouldn't have gone down when I was a boy. I am sorry to say, sir," said Shaver, speaking emphatically and conveying as much more to the mind of Fleesham in one of his familiar jerks, "as there aint a word of it to be relied on—a fabrication, sir, from first to last; in fact, sir, to a professional ear, sir, that story's about nowhere."

"But, Fleesham," said Borrowdale, a great deal disgusted with the pompous impertinence of the official, "you will never allow this—this to ——"

"I am determined, Borrowdale," interposed Fleesham sharply, "in this matter to let justice take its proper course. I will not, if I know it, be robbed and plundered to my face with impunity. It may do for you to be on the defensive, Borrowdale; you are not the loser. I am, and to no trifling extent either. Besides, the story is the most improbable thing I ever heard. Where are her associates? Where is the gang that decamped the very night in which the robbery was committed? Pshaw! you'll hear a very different tale before long."

"Perhaps," said Shaver, addressing the girl on his own account, "you positively decline to say any more? Don't commit yourself; there's no 'casion; the law don't require it."

"I have told you all; I can tell you nothing more. What can I tell you?" said Madeline, weeping bitterly.

"Just so; don't commit yourself, pray," said Shaver, winking on her at the same time as much as to add, 'all right, we understand; both professionals in our way; quite right; I commend you.' "Now for the black, if you please. White, isn't his name? Black's white, ha, ha! I beg pardon, gentlemen; it's not my custom to joke on such matters, but really it is significant, if not professional. Now, then, sir," he continued, as the black appeared before him, "we'll trouble you for your varson of this story, if you please? and then ——"

"I nebber tell you a nudder word ; nebber in dis rascal world," cried the black, clinching the resolution with his palm upon the table. "I tell him all a'ready ; what more to tell ?"

"Oh, you simply mean to say that you have nothing to depose ?" said Shaver, preparing to clasp his book.

"I tell him all de trut, and de trut tell once is tell enough. Aint it tell 'nough ?" cried the black.

"Oh, precisely : that ends the matter, then," said Shaver, rising stiffly from his seat and proceeding deliberately to the adjustment of his coat and hat. "Since you both decline to depose further in the matter, there's an end of it. Then I understand, sir," he added, turning to Fleesham with a show of extreme condescension, "I am to act? You give the girl formally in charge on sus ——"

"Oh, save me, save me !" cried the poor girl, rushing to Borrowdale's side and falling on her knees before him. "I'm innocent ; I can't go to prison ; I can't, I wont ——"

"Why, what de mean ob dis ?" cried the black, falling back towards the girl and throwing himself into a defensive attitude. "De gal ab innocent as de babe. She no go to de prison ; nebber, nebber !"

"My good sirs," exclaimed Borrowdale, starting up and appealing to them with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, "look at her ! Can you believe it? You'll never do it, Fleesham ; never, surely !"

"Oh, pray don't alarm yourself, sir," said Shaver, who appeared to increase in professional coolness as the scene advanced. "This is nothing to us ; don't alarm yourself. A professional man is perfectly at ease in this sort of thing ; in fact, this here is just the sort of thing that we are perfectly at home in," and most unquestionably if ever any one was at home in this world, the philosophic Shaver was at home at that moment. "Come, sir, perhaps you'll be good enough to leave this little matter to me, sir. Don't alarm yourself ; the girl's in custody," he added advancing.

"Nebber !" cried the black, throwing himself fiercely between

the officer and the girl and striking the table a tremendous blow with his clinched hand. "Nebber does dat poor gal liv' dis room till I die; nebber! I say, nebber till I die. Now who hab de debble dat dare tak de gal abay—who hab him!" he cried, sparring fiercely up to the officer.

And it looked very probable that a serious scuffle would have ensued, but just at the moment the door was thrown open and a servant entered and handed her master a card, at the same time communicating something to him in an undertone.

"Why, really, bless my soul, you don't say so!" cried Borrowdale, in great nervous excitement. "Excuse me, gentlemen, one moment; don't do anything till I return, whatever you do—one moment. Bless my soul, what an extraordinary coincidence," he added, rushing precipitately from the room.

The black immediately plunged to the side of the girl and stood guard over her, while Shaver proceeded to impart to the startled Fleesham certain professional information on the subject, by means of those silent but impressive jerks which seemed to constitute the chief use and occupation of his official head.

"Nothing new to the profession, this," said Shaver; "we're alive to this sort of thing; in fact, professionally speaking, this sort of dodge is about nowhere; too old; wont do; in fact, it's seen through, clean, ha!"

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW ARRIVALS.—FLEESHAM DISCOMFITED.

May the strong curse of crushed affection light
Back on thy bosom with reflected light.

BYRON.

WHEN Borrowdale entered the passage, after carefully closing the room door behind him, he found it occupied by three strange-looking visitors, whom he instantly motioned to follow him to the adjoining apartment.

Two of these individuals were very wretched, ragged, careworn spectacles, and looked like men that had been subjected to severe privations and long fatigue, and there was a deep depth of sadness engraven upon their countenances that made them painful and pitiable to look upon. The third party, although he also appeared considerably careworn and troubled, was of a different stamp; and it was to him more especially that Borrowdale's attention was attracted as they all passed on to the room to which he precipitately conducted them.

"Why, Morland," he said, addressing this party as they entered the room and throwing up his hands and eyes in mingled gratitude and surprise, "this is miraculous; this is indeed providentially miraculous. You have just come in time, I trust, to repair some of the gross wrong you have committed. I could have forgiven you anything, everything, Morland, but the —— I beg your pardon, friends," he said, checking himself and looking towards the other two, "you look fatigued; will you be seated? Morland, I will speak with you alone for a moment."

"There is nothing, sir, that you may not say here; they know everything," replied the young man, who stood with his eyes fixed confusedly on the ground.

Borrowdale hesitated for a moment and looked confusedly from one to another.

"Yes, Morland," he resumed at length, "I could have forgiven you anything but your cruelty towards this poor girl. That, sir — Why, dear me, bless my soul," he cried, perceiving that the young man staggered back and became deadly pale, while the others started to their feet and looked at each other in intense excitement.

"Do you—do you, sir, know anything of her?" said one of them, coming forward with the big tears starting to his eyes.

"Know!" cried Borrowdale, "why, she is in the house at this instant; she has been here ever since."

"Thank you, thank you, sir, thank you," cried the man, becoming violently agitated. "Thank you, thank you. Poor girl, poor dear, dear girl!" he said, and his weak frame gave way, and he fell down before the chair, and, burying his face in his hands, began to sob aloud.

Yes, thou lovest her, William! Thou art rough and untutored and little polished; but there is a heart and a soul beneath the roughness, there is nobility in thee yet, although thou wert never nursed in the cradle of polished minds; although the human blight, the penury whose curse the fabled virtue of the angels might not withstand, has pursued thee sore. Yea, William, the pressure of thy rough hand would do us good; it would give us surety of a man!

"Bless me, this is extraordinary," said Borrowdale. "Why, what in the world—why, Morland, will you be good enough to explain?"

"The fact is, sir," said Mark, who stood by William's side looking his gratitude, seeing that the young man addressed as Morland, and in whom the reader will recognize the Grantham of former chapters, appeared to be too confused and abashed to speak, "she's my sister, sir, and my friend here has known her

from a child a'most. We've been a hunting all over the country for her for this last week and past, and we fully expected that something had happened to her; until we was told about an hour ago by a party that we met, that they thought you might know something about her, sir; which is the reason we've took the liberty of coming. We thank you, sir; in the name of her poor mother and father, we thank you, sir."

"Where, where are they, my good man?"

"We don't know, sir. They left here about ten days ago, sir, to go to the States to look for work, and we've been unable to find them since, although we've been looking for them for the last six or seven days, thinking the girl might be with them."

It was some time before Borrowdale could sufficiently compose himself to acquaint them with the condition of affairs in the next room, which however he ultimately succeeded in doing, considerably suppressing some of the worst features. The young man, whom we will henceforward call by his proper name, Morland, listened with a blanched countenance, and trembled from head to foot, and appeared to be particularly stung with remorse for the conduct which had entailed so many calamities upon the unfortunate girl.

"I'll see him," he stammered out at length, when Borrowdale had concluded; "I'll see him."

"Well, but, my good sir," said Borrowdale, "he is furious—he's relentless! Bless my soul, whatever can be done! I wonder if it is possible to appease him and to get him to listen to reason? Oh, Morland, Morland, this should be a lesson to you! Whatever would your poor friends at home think if they were to hear of it!"

"I don't know—I don't know how I came to do it," cried the young man; "I was distracted, blinded—mad, I must have been."

"Well, well," said Borrowdale, "I only hope it may be—why, bless me, hark!" he cried, making a rush towards the door and attempting to fasten it. But he was too late; before his hand

was fairly on the handle, it was thrown violently open, and in rushed the infuriated Fleesham.

"Why, what voice is that I hear? where is he?" he exclaimed, forcing his way past the philanthropist, who attempted to keep him back. "Oh, here you are, you scoundrel; here you are, then. Now then, I've got you, have I?" he cried, grasping Morland, who made no attempt at resistance, by the collar. "Here, Shaver!—Shaver, I say!"

The lightning is not more expeditious than was the professional Shaver; Shaver was there in something less than a twinkling. And the effulgence that shone forth from his intellectual front, as his eye fell upon the business-like scene before him, was something beautiful to behold.

"Here you are; take this fellow in charge," cried Fleesham, proceeding to drag the fellow forth.

"Stay, excuse me," said Borrowdale, interposing; "you will not compel me, Fleesham, to remind you where you are. You, sir, will please to remain where you were until we request your presence; we have some business to settle first. Come, if you please," he added, addressing himself sternly to the horrified Shaver, and forcing him before him into the adjoining room. Shaver appeared to think this something decidedly new in his professional experience, and he ventured to intimate as much as he retired backwards before the resolute gestures of the excited philanthropist.

"Well, I can scarcely understand this, Borrowdale," said Fleesham, as the other returned and carefully closed the door of the room; "how you should wish to shelter an audacious thief from justice."

"My good sir," returned the other sharply, "there is mercy as well as justice; there are the feelings of a man and a Christian, as well as justice, sir."

"Well, as for you, sir," resumed Fleesham, taking little heed of this remonstrance, and turning fiercely upon the culprit, "and your reprobate associates—these are your associates, are they?" he added, looking scornfully round upon his two ragged com-

panions,—“you'll not escape now so easy. Where's my property, you low, base thief you? This is the reward for all my kindness and hospitality towards you, is it?”

“While, sir, I have no wish to extenuate anything I have done, for that to be sure is base enough,” replied Morland calmly and firmly. “I am sure if you will reflect on the circumstances under which I was under your roof, and the insult and ignominy I had to suffer there likewise, you will scarcely find yourself able to call it either kindness or hospitality. You know the circumstances, and you know the reason, sir, and you know what I had to endure notwithstanding. However, I know I have committed an act which no circumstances can excuse, and I have no excuse to offer. But I did nevertheless hope, since I have repented of it in time to restore to you everything I have taken, that, although your present rigid principles might not warrant me in looking for clemency, at least your recollection of a case very similar —— ”

“What!” cried the immaculate Fleesham, turning deadly pale and growing thoroughly furious, “do you think that any base fabrications, any new tales, are going to protect you? Would you dare to attempt to influence me by any —— ”

“Excuse me, sir,” returned Morland, “I have no desire to influence you further than your own interests may prompt you. But I must say, if strict justice must be enforced in the one case, it is but just to enforce it in the other. You understand me? I have committed a serious offence: I have no wish to extenuate it; I am only anxious to make reparation, if possible, without suffering the full penalty.”

“Why, you scoundrel!” cried Fleesham, dilating with virtuous indignation, “how dare you talk in enigmas to me! Do you conceive that I am to be intimidated by insinuations?”

“I have no wish to do so,” replied Morland; “and since you appear unwilling to understand me, I will endeavour to speak plainer,” he added, drawing forth a pocket-book, while Fleesham stood rolling his eyes about, and swelling with rage, but not without some outward signs of inward misgivings. “May I call

your attention to this," continued Morland, producing therefrom what appeared to be an old bank-cheque, and directing his attention more especially to the signature at the bottom.

"Why, what's this, what's this!" exclaimed Fleesham, making a dash at the piece of paper and endeavouring to snatch it. But Morland was too cautious for him, and he instantly closed his hand upon it, and, extending it to Borrowdale, who appeared both astonished and entertained by the extraordinary proceedings, he cried,

"Here, Mr. Borrowdale, will you do me the favor to take it? I have no wish to expose ——"

"Stay, stay!" cried Fleesham, interposing. "Morland, let me have a word with you alone—this way, sir. Excuse me, Borrowdale; this is a strange affair to you, I dare say, but a word will settle it—just a word."

Fleesham was vanquished. Yes, the virtuous retailer of morality and justice and the immaculate, was to all intents and purposes vanquished, crushed into a very pigmy of guilt and apprehension. And as he motioned Morland into the passage, whither he was only too glad to escape, the abject expression of his virtuous countenance, the black confusion that rumbled about his frame-work even to the very extremity of his toes, was perhaps a trifle in advance of anything that was ever yet seen to obtain over any similar extent of surface. Fleesham was unconditionally vanquished.

It was some time before either of them returned. And at length, to the utter astonishment of Borrowdale, Morland returned alone, and without any foreshadowing or sign of the appearance or forthcoming of the vanquished.

"He is gone, sir; I am happy to say he is gone, and the officer likewise. Hark, the door has just closed on them," said Morland, on returning. "I need not recount to you the circumstances under which it has been effected; but I am happy to say the whole affair will be settled without recourse to the gaol, however justly I may have deserved it. Sir, I cannot excuse myself; I despise myself beyond everything for it; I have been

a base villain," he said, giving way to the full force of his feelings now that the great danger was warded off.

To describe the expression of delight, the doings and sayings and wild extravagances indulged in by the good old philanthropist on the receipt of this intelligence, and especially when the violent bang of the door, which shut them effectually from the house, assailed his ear, would be to achieve a simple literary miracle, to convey to paper something that the imagination has never conceived of nor the eyes beheld—the very acme of impossible impossibilities. He rushed up and down the room, throwing about his arms, and snapping his fingers, and dancing short but very energetic snatches, rubbed his hands together and then threw them in wild amazement over his head, and then stopped short to have a hearty laugh, and then rushed about again,—and in short, for several minutes was perfectly rampant and ungovernable. Then he took Morland firmly by the arm and dragged him precipitately up stairs; then he rushed down again, and, taking the poor trembling girl by both hands and preparing her for the interview by a variety of perfectly unintelligible gestures and incoherent remarks, led her tenderly into the room in which her lover and brother were standing transfixed to the floor, bewildered and confused; and then, after contemplating them for an instant, he rushed away again to the next room, and, seizing and shaking the black energetically by the hand, fell straightway into a chair and burst fairly into tears.

Shall we go into that chamber where they meet again? Shall we unveil the picture of that noble simplicity, that untutored love—those noble and ingenuous hearts, as they pour out their fullness to one another, and make holy the very atmosphere with their sacred grief and their simple joy? Shall we behold her in those trembling arms, and watch the honest emotions of that countenance that beams on her so fondly and so tenderly, while it questions not her goodness? No nice polished scruples, nor doubt, nor accusation, thrusts its rigid ritual between them. She is the sister and the loved one, and their manly souls receive her from the danger from which she comes. They would not wound

her spirit ; nature has taught them that humanity is very frail,—that it is the lot of all to err. They need no deep lore of books to tell them that. She was always very good, and kind, and virtuous, and gentle, and they loved her for it ; and so they fold her in their arms and press her fondly to their hearts, for they love her still. We leave them to tell their tales, and weep, and rejoice together ; for their griefs and their joys are sacred, and we would not willingly disturb them.

CHAPTE . XI.

THE CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE AND THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Protection : defence from injury.

JOHNSON.

SQUOBB was in his sanctum, and the countenance of Squobb was overcast with the shadow of a profound idea. A cloud of unfathomable mystery mantled on the countenance of Squobb ; and Squobb looked unutterably inscrutable as his penetrating eye wandered around the sanctum, and ultimately settled upon the rapt countenance of the editorial "Sub." Sub was "doing a leader." And from the profundity of expression that shone forth from Sub's unshackled soul, it was abundantly evident that Sub was not at that moment inspired with a trifle. That leader was to do it. The world had to tremble, so let it tremble at once. Christendom might be revolutionized and empires overturned, but Sub must do his duty,—the world must be reclaimed and the people's champion immortalized.

"Scratch !" said Squobb mysteriously.

Scratch dropped his quill and came straightway up from the depths, and looked semi-conscious.

"Well," said Scratch.

"Scratch," said Squobb, "the country's going to wreck. Protection—Home Industry—the subject's gaining ground. What's to be done ?"

"Free-Trade—splendid word ; pity to lose it," returned Scratch with profundity.

"True ; Free-Trade *is* a splendid word," said Squobb ; "goes down with the masses wonderfully. But, then, we've

nothing but the word to hang to. If these fellows had called their Protection, Free-Trade, we could have gone the whole hog with them. It's a pity the word's got so twisted about ; for the fact is, their Protection embodies all the Free-Trade principles of the Old Country, and, in fact, of the whole world. But as to our Free-Trade, it's without a precedent—in fact, there can't be a doubt, Scratch, between ourselves, that it's only result is to impoverish the country and rob our mechanics and artisans of the labor that the country would otherwise find for them."

"But still and still the word," said Scratch emphatically.

"Yes, true," returned Squobb ; "the word's an army in itself. Free-Trade's a people's word ; they love it, Scratch, as they love their very lives. And, to be sure, what do they know about principles ? Ha, ha, that's a good joke—principles, ha, ha ! And, then, Fleesham and our friends in that line—they must be supported. We couldn't stand an hour without them ; and—stay, that reminds me of a note," said Squobb, producing his note-book for the first time. "Let me see ; ay, here it is. 'Fleesham wont endorse under three strong articles of Free-Trade. Thinks the farmers the best hook to go on. By no means to mention the merchants and importers.' There, what's to be done with that ?" said Squobb, laying the book emphatically on the desk.

"Well," said Scratch, scratching his head mysteriously, "it must be done in the old way, I suppose. There's that confounded *Protectionist* now, you see, to take us up ; that's the worst of it. It wont do to draw it too strong. Suppose we try to alarm the farmers abit on the Reciprocity Treaty ? threaten its repeal—although, to be sure, that can't be for the next eight years, under any circumstances. But what do they know about that ? What do a parcel of poor plough-tailors know about commercial Treaties ? Just tell them that their wheat is going to be reduced in value, and that'll frighten every Protection argument out of them for the next six months."

"That's it ; it must be done, Scratch," said the delighted

Squobb. "Rouse the farmers ; talk to them affectionately ; frighten them out of their seven senses. Never mind a stretcher—Fleesham must be satisfied."

"Then," continued Scratch, "we might rouse up the rest of the community by a little variation of the old cry about taxing the many for the benefit of the few."

"True," said Squobb, "it's rather a stretcher, and would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to prove it ; but Fleesham must be satisfied. Put it down at a few thousands,—something that will give it the appearance of a palpable absurdity. Hold it up to ridicule ; there's nothing like it."

"And then," pursued the philosophic Scratch, "we might throw in a little bit of loyalty—something about the Mother Country, for instance. It would give a sort of patriotic finish, and the people like it, you know."

"True, true ; a capital idea," said Squobb. And the patriots exchanged a significant wink, and indulged in a short, dry, patriotic laugh, in token of the perfect understanding on all such public matters existing between them.

This satisfactory understanding had just been arrived at when the door of the office was thrown hastily open, and the comfortable, well-conditioned voice of Borrowdale came flying into the sanctum, followed by the appurtenances generally appertaining to the same.

"Squobb, Squobb, my dear fellow," cried Borrowdale, seizing the editor by the hand, for he was evidently in a great state of benevolent excitement, "are you engaged ? No, not particularly—that's well ; then allow me to persuade you to accompany me for a quarter of an hour or so. These poor people ; they're all down stairs ; they can't find employment for themselves ; no one will listen to them ; so I'm going to hunt it up for them. Come, some splendid notes, Squobb ; some magnificent notes, I'll promise you."

This was a powerful argument for the patriotic Squobb, and he yielded at once.

"Here they are, you see ; come along, my friends," cried Bor-

rowdale, when they had descended into the street, addressing a small company of four individuals who were awaiting him outside the office.

These four individuals were Mark, and William, and Madeline, who was leaning on her lover's arm, and the colored hero, White. There was a great and marvellous change manifest in their respective exteriors throughout. Mark and William were completely metamorphosed from the ragged, wretched, fugitive vagabonds that we have hitherto seen them, into a pair of as thoroughly christianized, and harmless, and sober-looking mortal mechanics as were ever seen to wield a hammer or an axe; while White, the poor ingenuous, noble-minded African, arrayed in a whole and complete suit of Borrowdale's "cast offs," presented a transformation that was truly refreshing to behold. There wasn't so much as a rag nor a ragged end to be seen in any portion whatsoever of his whole external arrangements—in fact, from his boots upwards and his beaver downwards, he was just a colored duplicate, a second edition in black, of the noble-hearted philanthropist himself; and the pride and pleasure that beamed upon his countenance as his ample eye wandered over the general surface, was something to which the parallel has not yet been found. Madeline was all that beauty and simplicity and neatness could make her; and although there was still a shade of sadness on her countenance, and although she hung very timidly on that arm, there was yet a great change for the better, and a great deal that was truly happy and grateful in those eyes as she turned them up half timidly into the ingenuous countenance of her lover.

"Come, Squobb, this is our first," said Borrowdale, stopping before one of the stores in Yonge street. "Mad, this way, my girl, and you young fellows run up and down here and keep yourselves warm until we come out; we shall not be many minutes."

There were several girls at work at that great institution, the sewing-machine, in the store, and they all raised their heads and their eyes and turned them significantly (not that such eyes

are ever turned otherwise) on Madeline as she entered, and then something more significantly on themselves, and then smiled, and seemed, as usual, to understand all about it from that moment.

"Well, Stitch," said Borrowdale, having succeeded in hunting up the proprietor of the establishment, "I want either to ask a favor or confer one, I scarcely know which. But I want you to give employment to this girl. She has worked at these machines in England, and I am told understands them thoroughly."

Stitch shook his head. He evidently didn't see the favor to be conferred.

"I'm afraid it can't be done," said Stitch. "I should feel great pleasure in obliging you, Mr. Borrowdale, or indeed in employing the young person; but the laws of the country are against you, sir. It was my intention to have employed three or four hundred girls in this place this winter, instead of the one or two I now have; but your Tariff has upset me. I can't get into your market, although my goods are equally as cheap as theirs, against the giants of the States, who come in on the same terms as myself, through the peculiar construction put on the New Tariff; and so the work is done in the States, and the money is carried to the States, while the hundred families that might have been made comfortable in this town by this means alone, are perhaps living on charity or wanting bread."

"There; there you are, Squobb," said Borrowdale; "there's a note for you. One article on this would be worth twenty on the soup-kitchens,—eh, Stitch?"

"Soup-kitchens," said Stitch, "are the result of the neglect of this. It may be well now to feed them on charity; but it would have been equally easy to have made them honest, independent, industrious citizens, paying taxes and supporting themselves."

"That's all very fine," said Squobb, whose note-book was not yet forthcoming; "but this sort of people ——"

"Globe, sir; only three coppers, sir," cried a ragged little urchin at this moment, thrusting his head in the door-way.

"No, not to-day, boy," said Stitch.

"Oh, I've got you, I saw you!" cried Squobb, rushing forward

and seizing the boy by the hand as he was about to retreat. "Look here ; this is the new game," added Squobb triumphantly, holding up the boy's hand and exhibiting therein the brass key of the door, which he had succeeded in extracting under cover of the paper, which he held dexterously before it to conceal his movements. "Yes, this is the new game," cried Squobb, fumbling for his note-book with true patriotic zeal ; "where's the police ? This must be put down ; this is a growing evil."

Madeline, who had started and looked round at the first sound of the boy's voice, had scarcely caught a glance at his face, as he was brought forward by the magnanimous Squobb, when she flew towards him, and, falling on her knees and catching both his hands in hers, exclaimed,—

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, how came you here ? Oh, what have you done, you wicked, wicked boy ? Oh, sir," she said, addressing Borrowdale, "it is my poor little brother."

"Bless my soul," cried Borrowdale, "this is extraordinary. How comes he here ?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir," replied Madeline. "How do you come here, Johnny ? Where's mother and father—where are they all, Johnny ?"

"I don't know, Mad," replied the boy, who appeared to be but little disconcerted by what was proceeding before him. "I've run away. I left 'em a long way off, and come up on the cars, and nobody knowed it. There was no vit'als, so I runn'd away. I wouldn't ha' stealed the key if I hadn't had nothing to eat, and no one would'nt give me nothing. I didn't want to steal, I didn't."

Madeline was deeply pained by this intelligence, as well as by the distressing circumstances that accompanied it ; but she restrained her emotion as far as possible, and her half-tearful eyes were turned for the time to plead for the miserable little culprit, whom she held clasped in her arms.

Borrowdale took the proprietor of the stolen property aside, and, after conversing with him in an undertone for a few minutes, he came forward and quietly told the girl to take the

child home as fast as she could, and keep him safe until he returned ; a request with which Madeline was only too glad and too grateful to be allowed to comply.

" Well, but how's this ?" cried Squobb, starting from the abstraction in which he had been lost for the last minute or two over the everlasting note-book, as Madeline left the store with the boy under her charge. " Is robbery to go un —— "

" Never mind, never mind, Squobb," said Borrowdale soothingly, for he saw that his patriotism was largely excited. " It is quite right ; Stitch is satisfied. The boy was wanting bread, you see, without any one to teach him better. Come, let us go a little further. Stitch has promised to find the girl something to do ; so that that little matter is all right. I think you will find the girl both willing and intelligent, Stitch," he added, as he turned to quit the store. " The fact is, we should have kept her in our own service, but she has not been used to household work, and Mrs. Borrowdale says, that, although she is one of the most willing girls she ever had, she really don't understand it, and can't do it."

" Oh, that's correct enough," returned Stitch. " Some of the best girls I have ever had, have been those that never would nor could be made domestics of. And on the other hand, the best of servants might be entirely useless to us in a business like this—in fact, I have often proved it so. This at once shows us the necessity, since we have these different dispositions and capacities in the country, of having a variety of employment, that they may all be engaged with advantage, which can only be arrived at by *encouraging those branches of industry in which diversity of skill and taste is required.*"

" Come, Mr. White," said Borrowdale, when they had regained the street, " we will endeavour to dispose of you next. Here, Squobb, this way if you will ; I want to see Sherute, the tobacco manufacturer," he added, dragging the half-reluctant editor after him into King street.

Sherute's being arrived at, and Sherute himself being found, Borrowdale addressed him.

"Well, Sherute," said Borrowdale, "business pretty brisk?"

"Not remarkable," said Sherute; "but it is better than it has been; the late changes in the Tariff have improved us wonderfully."

"Then you will possibly be able to oblige me by taking on an extra hand? Here is a man bred and born in the manufacture of tobacco."

"Well, to oblige you, perhaps I might," returned Sherute; "but ——"

"That's enough," cried Borrowdale; "I am obliged to you. When shall he come?"

"Oh, it's of little consequence—to-morrow."

"That will do. There you are, then, White. Now you can rush off home and tell the news—you're safe. You understand—to-morrow?"

"Tank him, tank him, massa; I'm berry 'bliged, berry 'bliged 'deed," cried the black; and making a very graceful obeisance with the assistance of his hat and coat tails, he turned round and was gone with a flash.

"How is it, Sherute," said Borrowdale, "that there are so many colored people wanting work? We have something like six hundred of them in the town, and there are comparatively very few of them employed."

"Oh, it's plain enough," said Sherute. "Their mode of life before they come here, the climate in which they were reared, their disposition and constitution, entirely disqualify them for hard manual labor; and the chief thing that they understand and may be made thoroughly profitable for, is the manufacture of tobacco. But hitherto we have deprived them of this source of employment by a ruinous commercial policy; and while we have encouraged them to fly from slavery, we have at the same time assisted to foster that slavery, by, on the one hand, admitting the slaveholder free into our markets, and, on the other, by enabling the slaveholder to punish the fugitives, whom we profess to protect, by robbing them of their bread, and thereby reducing them to beggars and vagrants and criminals—of which

we have ample examples continually before our eyes. The late changes in the Tariff, however, have made a great alteration for the better. Although the protection is not sufficient, and not sufficiently secure from repeal, to warrant any large extension of our business and premises, yet there is a wonderful improvement with what we have, on previous years. And there is a manufactory now building in Montreal, in consequence of the New Tariff, that will employ several hundred hands. So that this is encouraging."

"There you are; there you are, Squobb; there's a note for you," said Borrowdale.

"Oh," said Squobb, "I am not so sure that we want any niggers here at all; I think we should be better without them."

"Ah, well, I'm afraid I shall never be able to do anything with you, Squobb," returned Borrowdale in despair; "you're incorrigible; the people must deal with you, I see that. Come, let us to the next. Good morning, Sherute; I'm obliged to you."

Borrowdale's next mission was to an iron-founder in the neighborhood of Yonge street, in behalf of Mark, who was by trade a blacksmith.

"Now, Squobb," said Borrowdale, as they entered the store, which was well stocked with stoves and other iron-ware, "you talk a great deal about high duties on manufactures raising the price of the article; let us see what is the result of the last fifteen per cent. duty here. Well, Castham," he added, addressing the proprietor of the establishment, who now made his appearance from a small sanctum at the further end of the store, "what's the increase in the price of stoves here, under the fifteen per cent. duty, eh?"

"Here they are," said Castham, taking a sweep of the whole collection with his right hand; "if you remember the price last year, you will find that very article that the duty protects is ten to fifteen per cent. cheaper!"

"Ay, indeed! Do you hear that, Squobb? How is that brought about, Castham, eh?"

"It's very simple," replied Castham. "We are more certain of

our sale ; we sell twice the quantity ; and the money being kept in the country, instead of being sent away to the States, we are now enabled to get cash, where before it was nothing but credit, credit. The Yankees got the cash, while we, in order to sell at all, were obliged to give long credit, and get our money as we could. You see the difference ?—it's very simple."

After some further discussion, which delighted Borrowdale and well-nigh extinguished Squobb, Mr. B. introduced the object of his visit ; and although Mr. Castham had the same difficulty to urge as the tobacco-maker, the little matter was ultimately arranged satisfactorily, as a special favor to Mr. B., who left the store in high glee, and hurried away with the half-reluctant editor on his arm, to complete his mission by establishing William on the same footing as the rest.

This difficulty was ultimately surmounted with satisfaction to all parties ; and Squobb and Borrowdale were returning home alone, with the avowed object of flavoring the morning's philanthropy with a glass of wine, when Borrowdale suddenly came to a full stop in the middle of the foot-way and looked benevolently backward. Squobb would have urged him on, but Borrowdale was a fixture. Crouched down on a door-step close by, with his elbows resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands, was a poor, ragged, half-clad mortal, such as Borrowdale could never summon fortitude to pass.

" Bless me, he looks wretched, don't he ?" said Borrowdale, fumbling nervously about his pockets. " Come, Squobb, let us see if we can't finish up our morning's work by doing something for this poor fellow. My good man," he added, accosting him, " you seem in distress. What can we do for you ?"

The man started and looked up, and seemed for the moment bewildered and incredulous.

" Work, sir, work," he said at length, " is all I want."

" Ay, dear me, I need scarcely have asked you," said Borrowdale. " What is your trade, my good man ?"

" I'm a printer, sir."

" A printer ; why, let me see. Why, Mr. Type will surely give

him something to do, Squobb? I'm sure he will—I'm well acquainted with him."

The man shook his head doubtfully.

"What, you have already been there, my man, eh?"

"Frequently, sir."

"Never mind, come along; I'll ask it as a favor."

The man followed them and they at once hurried away to Mr. Type's.

"Well, Type, good morning. I want you to give this poor man here something to do. Nay, don't shake your head pray; I ask it as a particular favor."

"Really," said Type, "if it were not too serious a matter, your request, Borrowdale, would amount to a most exquisite joke. There is comparatively no printing done in the country, my good sir; the Americans do it all for us. Give us Protection, the smallest ——"

"What!" cried Squobb, falling back with patriotic horror and making a plunge among his coat-tails for that great receptacle of great ideas, "put a tax upon knowledge! What! do you want to revolutionize the country?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Type quietly, "we want to revolutionize the present state of things and to make the country prosperous, whereas now, I believe you will allow, it is slightly the reverse. Give us a small Protection,—it is nothing extravagant that we require,—and the way we will tax knowledge is this: In the first place, I myself would instantly undertake to put on three hundred extra hands in my own business; and in less than six months you would have not less than fifteen hundred printers and bookbinders profitably and constantly employed throughout the country, who are now perhaps idle and in want, as this poor man here before us.* In the next place, there is no popular or useful book now sold in this country that we

NOTE.—These, with all other similar facts quoted through the Tale, have been communicated to the author personally, either in Toronto or elsewhere in Canada.

would not undertake to produce here as cheap, and in many instances cheaper, than the American editions. While the difference made by binding all scientific and other books in our own country, would in every instance enable us to sell them at the States prices likewise. And the thousands of pounds that are now sent away to support the publishing establishments of the States, would be kept in our own country to foster our own publishing houses, our own literature, our own paper-makers, our own type-founders, and to employ our own people."

"There, there you are, Squobb," cried Borrowdale; "that's the tax upon knowledge—not so much to be horrified at, eh?"

It required considerably more persuasion to induce Mr. Type to take on the extra hand, than had been necessary in any of the former instances, and he ultimately consented to do so more as an act of charity than anything else, and to oblige his friend Borrowdale; but the result was the same, and the good old philanthropist was highly delighted and gratified with his success, and he returned home completely enveloped in a small whirlwind of benevolent excitement. The man being apparently hungry, and destitute, and houseless, he made him accompany him, and very soon had him comfortably enstalled by the blazing fire in his own snug little library at the back of the house.

Having, in the heat of his benevolence, rushed down into the kitchen himself, and given instructions to Madeline with respect to the bread and meat and ale which were to be immediately forthcoming, he returned, and, seating himself opposite his visitor, commenced to converse with him with the same ease and familiarity that would have been due from him to the most ordinary, black-coated Christian.

"You have been out of work some time, I perceive: how long have you been in Toronto?"

"Some eight or ten months, sir. I left it about a fortnight ago with my family, to try to get to the States. But my wife and daughter were taken ill on the road, through exposure to the cold and from want of proper food; and we were obliged to stop at a little farm-house, where, although they were very poor, the people were very kind to us."

"Why, bless me, you don't say you were compelled to attempt to walk it?"

"We were obliged to, sir. But I saw it was no use attempting to get them any farther. It would have killed them—it would, it would, sir. So I left them there; and as I was drawn to Toronto for many other reasons, I came back in hopes that ——"

"Why, this sounds exactly," cried Borrowdale, "like—why, what is your name—its never ——?"

Madeline entered at this moment with the tray of provisions. She started and uttered an involuntary scream, and almost let the tray fall from her hands, as her eye fell upon the stranger, who no sooner beheld her than he started wildly to his feet, and, throwing out his arms, exclaimed,

"What, what, my Madeline! my poor lost Madeline! Thank heaven, thank heaven!"

She dropped the tray upon the table and flew into his arms. He pressed her fondly to his heart, and kissed and kissed her beautiful face a thousand times,—the tears gushed out from his eyes, and he fell back in his chair with his darling still clasped in his arms, and his very soul seemed to cry through his great joy, and his simple heart seemed almost rent with the depth of his gratitude, and he could only cry,

"Thank heaven, thank heaven! my troubles are gone, all gone, thank heaven!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE CONTRAST.—THE LAST HOME, IN WHICH WE ARE ALL AT HOME.

What makes the knave a child of God
And one of us? A livelihood.

HUDIBRAS.

CHRISTMAS had gone down into oblivion, and the New Year was already ushered in—bright and clear and very white withal, and it was the evening of the great Twelfth Day of Old England—that great and glorious day of monster cakes and universal mirth, which, although but little observed in Canada, must ever remain one of the great mainstays and chief and foremost incentives to existence with all those who have not entirely forgotten and foresworn the mighty institutions and heaven-born customs of their Mother Land, or that have not entirely blotted out from the tablets of their memory those great and inexhaustible fountains of celestial bliss in their childhood, and of the unsullied joys of their riper years. The Borrowdales, however, had been away, far away, for many a long year, from all those great and glorious institutions, and, although they had of course had a great Christmas and a greater New Year's Day, this, the immortal of all immortal days, was unhappily forgotten amongst them. And therefore, on this very same evening, as aforesaid, was the family of the Borrowdales—Mrs. Borrowdale, Laura, and Borrowdale himself—found seated within the calm, quiet, love-hallowed vicinity of their own enchanted fireside, alone, and without even so much as the semblance of the shadow of a ghost of anything like festi-

vity or merry-making about them—precisely and for all the world as though that day of days and night of nights was simply an ordinary every-day production, that might be passed over with impunity and forgotten without remorse.

It was about seven of the clock on this outraged evening, as they all sat there calmly and happily together, that Borrowdale raised his eyes serenely from the *Globe* newspaper, and, turning them still more serenely upon his wife, said,

“My dear.”

Whereupon Mrs. Borrowdale affectionately smoothed down the golden hair of her incomparable Laura, and replied,

“My love?”

“I’m going out, my dear,” pursued Borrowdale.

“Really, do you mean so, dear?”

“Really and truly I’m going out, and to a party too,” continued Borrowdale, mysteriously.

“Whatever do you mean, pa?” said his daughter.

“Simply that I am going out, my pet, to a party; and, what’s more, to a *wedding* party, my love.”

“Why, bless me, Laura,” cried Mrs. Borrowdale, “whatever is pa talking about? at this time of night, too.”

“Don’t alarm yourselves, my dears,” continued Borrowdale; “it may be strange, but it is true as strange, and you are not going to know anything about it until I return. So that will do; I’m going. By the way, I have something for you to talk about while I am away. I have succeeded in getting Morland a situation in Montreal, and he is now on his way thither to enter upon it. I have made this compact with him: That he is to correspond with me once a week; that at the end of six months, if he conducts himself properly, he is to come up to see us; and that at the end of twelve months, if his conduct is still unexceptionable, everything is to be forgotten, and he is to be admitted into our midst again on the same terms as before. Is that well, my dears, eh?”

By some extraordinary and as yet unexplained optical phenomenon, all their eyes—mamma’s, pa’s, and Laura’s, *en masse*

—met together at that instant, and spoke, and read, and approved, and said distinctly that it *was* well, and that they all hoped the result would be well likewise—in fact, that they believed it would. And no more was said on the subject then. But that mamma and Laura talked the whole matter duly over after papa's departure, we think extremely probable; although, since Borrowdale departed on his mysterious errand almost immediately and we are compelled to follow him, the manner and purport of the same is not and cannot be known, and can therefore only be conceived of by the infallible imagination of the reader.

Borrowdale had just plunged into Queen street, and was wending his way westwards, with that light, elastic step that always appears to us to be discoursing benevolence and secretly concocting schemes of charity with the very planks over which it trips, when suddenly he heard a voice exclaim immediately in his rear,

“My dear sir, I'm delighted to hear it. Stay, if you'll allow me, I'll just make a note of that. Here, the lamp will light me; just one moment, if you please.”

“Why, Squobb!” cried Borrowdale, turning hastily round and catching the editor by the hand, “how d'y'e do, how d'y'e do?—why, and Fleesham!” he added, as his eye fell upon that respected individual, who had slunk a little on one side as if a trifle deficient in confidence, “how are you, Fleesham? why it's an age since I saw you last; what have you been doing with yourself?”

“Why, to tell you the truth, Borrowdale,” said Fleesham, in a tone of voice such as Fleesham had never before been heard to assume, “I have been too much ashamed and disgusted with myself; and that's speaking the plain, straightforward fact, without any reservation about it.”

Borrowdale was puzzled, and he looked from one to the other in silent wonder that seemed to say so.

“The fact is,” pursued the repentant Fleesham, “I see plainly enough that I made both an ass and an unchristian brute of

myself in that affair of the poor unfortunate girl and poor Morland. I ought to have known better. I tell you candidly, gentlemen," said Fleesham, with the most candid expression and tone that perhaps his rigid composition was capable of producing, "without attempting to disguise the fact, that there were strong and forcible reasons, connected with my own early life, that ought to have taught me a different course of conduct altogether from that which I pursued in that case. I am disgusted with myself," continued Fleesham, in the fullness of his remorse, "and if I don't do something immediately, to make them reparation, I—why I shall have to knock my worthless head against a wall."

Borrowdale was transfixed to the pavement. Borrowdale was completely taken aback and teetotally nonplussed by this most extraordinary of all extraordinary announcements. And yet, what dulcet music was it to his ear! with what delight did it dilate every fibre of his benevolent composition! To hear Fleesham condemn himself; to behold Fleesham abashed and humiliated in his own estimation; to hear Fleesham threaten to inflict summary chastisement upon his own corporeal development for the misdoings of Fleesham! Was the world approaching to a final dissolution—was the great universe revolving the wrong way and turning the system of mortal dispensation topsy-turvy, that such things could be! Borrowdale could not tell. He had no definite ideas whatsoever on the subject; and therefore did he silently grasp the repentant Fleesham by the hand and shake the same heartily, without uttering a word, for the space of two minutes and upwards.

"There, there it is," said Squobb, casting his eyes approvingly over the note which he had just transcribed, by the assistance of the street lamp. "Would you like to hear it, Borrowdale—yes, I know you would—just listen: 'Fleesham has entirely and conclusively recanted his so-called Free-Trade principles. Sees that the only hope for the future prosperity of the Country is in the establishment and encouragement of her home manufactures. Sees also, that this can only be done by Pro-

tecting them from the ruinous competition of the foreigner. A series of articles to appear immediately, advocating the same.' There you are, there you are; what do you think of that?"

"Why, why, bless my soul, and you're not joking, really?" said Borrowdale. "Why, give me your hands, give me your hands; why, this is joyful news, this is magnificent, this is splendid, this is beyond everything!"

Such a hearty shaking of hands as Borrowdale thereupon performed and executed upon his friends, has not often been witnessed.

"Come, come," he added, when the first burst of excitement had a little subsided, taking an arm of each and forcing them off with him, one on either side; "we'll talk this over as we go along. You must come with me—I've something to show you. Squobb, you remember our morning's work some little time ago? Well, you shall now see the result."

It was something more than impossible to refuse, and he hurried them along Queen street, discussing the extraordinary mental, physical, and general metamorphosis, until they turned into Spadina avenue, and ultimately brought up before one of the neat, respectable, unpretending but thoroughly Christian-looking cottages situate and standing therein.

"Hark!" cried Borrowdale, as the sound of the great terpsichorean enchanter, the time-honored and immortal fiddle, struck its magic music on his ear; "they are at it—there they go! Hark at their feet! bless my soul, this is glorious! Come along; here's a sight, I know."

So saying, he rushed through the small white garden, and knocked at the door, which flew open almost at the same instant, as if by enchantment, and a sight, a great sight, thereupon appeared, sure enough. The door led directly into the principal room, and that principal room was full and blazing with a whole collection of some of the happiest, merriest, jolliest, cheerfullest, prettiest, laughing, ingenuous, unsophisticated countenances, that ever eye beheld or that mortal bliss had the power to create and make manifest. A rush was instantly made to the

door, and Borrowdale found himself suddenly surrounded by the whole happy company *en masse*, while he found it utterly impossible to ward off the hurricane of thanks and gratitude that came straightway from every lip and which spoke a thousand times more forcibly from every eye.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, sir," cried Mordaunt (who certainly at that moment looked, perhaps, the most happy and jolly paterfamilias of his sphere that was ever blessed with a family and a home, and it seemed the absurdest thing in the world to suppose that any such thing as grief or distress had ever been known for a solitary moment to ruffle his contented and happy-looking countenance), coming forward to receive the hearty shake of the hand that Borrowdale was bestowing on all around.

"Oh, however *can* we thank you, sir," cried Mrs. Mordaunt—upon whom precisely the same metamorphosis had been wrought as on her husband—coming forward with her little Johnny before her, who was wonderfully set forth in a complete suit of Canadian grey. Mark and William and Ellen, too, were there, and looked and spoke the deep gratitude that they all felt and owed so deeply; while Madeline—the beautiful, the once distressed and very wretched, but now supremely happy Madeline, burst at once into a great fit of crying, and clung to the arm of her—yes, it was even so, and these were the simple festivities in honor of it—of her husband, and was too full of happiness and distress and joy and all kinds of emotions, to speak at all. But what was all this—what was a thousand times this, to the demonstrations that proceeded in their midst, from the hands, arms, eyes, legs, head, and appurtenances generally, of Mr. White, who was there as musician, master of the ceremonies, and generalissimo of the evening, and the sound of whose fiddle had inspired Borrowdale at the outset? Why, simply nothing—in fact a mere speck in the universe—a something that had no right or title to a comparison with it in any shape or form: and perhaps this is the best description

that could be given of it, since no pen inspired by anything mortal could possibly do justice to it.

"Come, come; really, friends, this will never do," cried Borrowdale, in depreciation of these general demonstrations; "I must be off if you do this, off—must I go? I promised you I would dance with our pretty Madeline on this day—I mean it, and here I am. Don't make me break my promise, now, pray. By the by, excuse me, my friends here ——"

To have seen Fleesham, the rigid, inflexible Fleesham, interrupt his friend at this point and dash forward and introduce himself, and then take the half-frightened Madeline by the hand, and pour forth his apologies and protest his sorrow for what had happened, and send about his promises in all directions—might well-nigh have destroyed the organ of vision in any ordinarily constructed mortal. But all this did he do, and with such telling and irresistible effect, that five minutes had not elapsed before he was as much at home amongst them and they with him, as if he had been the legitimate father of the whole family and had reared them all to their then state of perfection from very babes and sucklings.

Squobb likewise came down from his intellectual pinnacle and became mortal for the time, and smiled and laughed and shook them all warmly by the hand, until he was thoroughly established as another feature in the merriment, and looked almost as much at home as his friend and patron, the immaculate Fleesham.

"Now, then, friends," said Borrowdale, "don't let us interrupt it. I have only one hour to spend with you. Now, Mr. White, let us here from you. Tune up, something lively, and away we go."

Did White want a second hint? Did White hesitate one solitary, individual moment? Was there the lapse of the twinkling of an eye, before White was at work with all the zeal and energy and physical force that White was happily endowed with? Unquestionably and unconditionally, no? White sent the bow flying over the cat-gut with a velocity and force that might

have caused the immortal Paganini himself to have vanished incontinently into thin air ; and it is only due to White to say, that if there was a deficiency of music and sweet sounds, there was a corresponding abundance and superfluity of the still greater desideratum, under the circumstances—noise and animation.

And now commenced the greatest of all the great scenes that perhaps ever were, can, or will be witnessed in ages past, present, or to come. To see the corpulent, jolly, full-conditioned Borrowdale, take hold of the beautiful, timid, light, airy, fairy Madeline, and whirl her round and round and in and out among the lively group in that dance, was to behold what eyes never beheld before and may never behold again. Then to see William with Mrs. Mordaunt, and Mark with another plump, merry-looking young maiden, whom we had well-nigh forgot to mention, and then to see Mordaunt himself following with a whole train of little ones in the same round—why, it was almost enough to animate the bricks and mortar, and to make the very house turn to and dance it out with them. But when Fleesham—when the stiff, moral, immaculate, inflexible Fleesham, was seen first to oscillate to and fro, then to shift about his legs with certain spasmodic twitches, then to raise himself on his toes, and to begin to go through certain indefinite terpsichorean movements, and then suddenly to behold him dash forward and seize the sprightly little Ellen round the waist, and straightway plunge into the very heart of the scene—then was the climax, then was the time to look for the earth to tremble and its foundations to give way, for its like was never known.

Squobb could not long resist the great example, and he was very soon seen, after struggling with his reproving greatness for a few seconds, to plunge into the very midst of it, with all the zeal and ardour that usually characterised him in the performance of his great public duties.

Thus, then, we find them all happy, and contented, and mirthful, and with fair prospects before them. We can wish no more,

and we would not see them less ; and thus, then, we will leave them and bid them farewell, and draw our lesson from their sufferings, while their simple joys make us glad.

WHICH SHALL IT BE, THEN ? Shall we have distress, and misery, and disaffection in our cities, and the silence of the sluggard in our streets ? or shall we have them big with happy homes, and contentment, and prosperity, and shall the hum of thriving industry be heard throughout the length and breadth of our broad highways, making the people glad ? We hold the answer in our own grasp. We hold the magic wand in our hand that can tame the boiling torrents that roll down through our midst, and make them team with countless wealth,—that can strike the rock-bound earth that is now slumbering unheeded at our feet, and compel its hidden riches to come forth and to scatter abundance throughout the land,—that can make the rivers rejoice and our iron roads prolific,—that can give to the country prosperity and to her people abundance, and still send out a welcome and find a home for the surplus thousands of the other world. We have the power in our hand ; it only remains for us to use it. As we exert ourselves to this end, as we put our shoulder to the wheel and press forward in the right road, so shall we march onward in that progress which we have so well begun ; so shall we help to make Canada great and her people prosperous ; and so shall we build up our CANADIAN HOMES.

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CANADA DIRECTORY OFFICE,

Montreal, December, 1858.

EXTRACTS FROM OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have read a portion of *Simon Seek* with intense interest, and have no hesitation in saying, that in beauty of language, vividness of description, variety of well-drawn characters, and exciting incidents, it approaches nearer to Dickens' style than any book we have read for a long time.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Sous le titre *Simon Seek ou le Canada sous toutes ses formes*, M. LOVELL, le grand éditeur canadien, vient de publier une œuvre originale, extrêmement remarquable. Elle réunit aux charmes d'un sujet local, traité avec autant de goût que de justesse, les beautés d'un style riche, piquant et plein de brillantes images.—*Le Pays, Montréal.*

Nous avons parcouru, à la hâte, l'intéressante nouvelle publiée tout récemment par l'entreprenant éditeur du Canada Directory, et qui a nom—*Simon Seek, or Canada in all Shapes.* Ce nous a paru être un roman de mœurs aussi exact qu'élégamment écrit.

C'est un nouveau titre qu'acquiert M. John Lovell, pour l'intérêt tout particulier qu'il porte à l'encouragement de tout ce qui porte un nom canadien. Nous reviendrons à *Simon Seek.*—*L'Ordre, Montréal.*

A CANADIAN BOOK.—We have received from Mr. John Lovell, publisher, Montreal, an original work entitled "The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek; or, Canada in all Shapes: by Maple Knot." We shall embrace an early opportunity, after examination, to notice it more particularly.

A Christmas tale, entitled "Canadian Homes, or the Mystery Solved," by the same author, is now in the press, and will be issued this month. Canadian authorship and publishing should be encouraged, and we hope that both the author and the publisher of these books will be amply rewarded.

The first book mentioned is very handsomely printed, on excellent paper, and in every respect creditable to the printer and publisher.—*Daily News, Kingston.*

SIMON SEEK.—OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

A Canadian novel, by a Canadian—that is, by one acquainted with Canada—is a novelty indeed, and should be made welcome, whatever be its faults; not that any great degree of forbearance is needed on the part of the reader to make the welcome truly so. This work is the production of a clever man. His tale is full of character and incident; and though Canada is not practically illustrated, still there is no very grievous error committed in its topography. The book is readable, and very creditable to the literature of the country. It is both cheap and well printed, and the half dollar that it costs will by no manner of means be half a dollar thrown away.—*Daily British Whig, Kingston*

Canadian literature is looking up, and gives promise of enabling us ere long to boast of it as something really worth the name. The great drawback to the establishment of a national literature here, has been the encouragement given to the trashy productions, and to the pirated works of English authors, which find their way across the frontier in cheap form, from the N. Y. publishing houses. For years the Province has been flooded with this sort of stuff, called light reading, and the consequence has been that our native talent has remained dormant. There is a prospect of better things, however. We are beginning to see that we must have a literature of our own, and, with a commendable spirit, Mr. Lovell has just issued the best Canadian work of fiction that has come from the Provincial press. The author is anonymous, but we have little doubt he will soon drop his *nom de plume* of "Maple Knot." The principal scenes of the work are laid in our midst; and we are treated to an amusing sketch of some of the leading members of the Legislature, in which many of the characters will be readily recognized. "Simon" is sure to become a favorite; his sayings and doings will excite much interest and meet with admirers everywhere.—*Daily Spectator, Hamilton.*

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SIMON SEEK; OR, CANADA IN ALL SHAPES.—Such is the title of a respectable-looking work forwarded to our address by the publisher, Mr. John Lovell. The typographical portion of the book, we may say is far superior to anything of the kind that we have before seen, either in this country or in the United States. The paper, if of Canadian manufacture,* is equal to English make; and the appearance of the book is quite as attractive as the best of American serials. It is abundantly full of incident, is correctly written, and, with but a few exceptions, free from those shortcomings which are ever to be found in first attempts. We admire the intention of the author, which is to picture Canada as it is,—or as it may be, if people will follow the example of such men as Mr. Plumley. Altogether, the work is, in our opinion, far above the common order. Certainly it is our duty to encourage literary talent of home growth, even supposing that we are unable to equal a Bulwer or a Dickens.—*The Times, Woodstock.*

A cursory examination of this new *Canadian* novel leads us to the opinion that it is a work of some talent,—the production of a shrewd observer of men and manners. The getting up of the work ably sustains the high name which Mr. LOVELL has achieved for himself as a printer and a publisher,—a name interwoven with the credit of this Province. We hope that the work will have an extensive sale, and that Maple Knot will again appear before us.—*Cobourg Star.*

Simon Seek is purely a Canadian work, and, as a literary production, will compare favorably with those of a Dickens or a Bulwer. We have only space to say that Simon Seek is one of the best literary works we have read in a long time; and equals in interest Uncle Tom.—*Canadian Statesman, Bowmanville.*

* The paper was made at the Paper Mills of Alexander Buntin & Co., Valleyfield, Beauharnois, C. E., and the type on which the work is printed was from the Montreal Type Foundry.—*The Publisher.*

SIMON SEEK.—OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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The mercantile interests have hitherto absorbed almost all the Banking Capital of the country, thus enabling the foreign importer to crush more easily the domestic manufacturer. It will be the object of the "PROTECTIONIST" to show that the wages of labor afford the only means of securing a large and steady circulation. The excessive importation of foreign goods and consequent demand for gold or exchange, being in the end, alike destructive to the interests of the Merchant, the Banker and the Manufacturer. To advocate these views and to dis-

seminate correct information respecting the advantages Canada now offers for the investment of Capital in Manufactures, will be the principal object of the "PROTECTIONIST," and while identified with no political party, it will press upon all the importance of giving more attention to questions affecting our material interests.

The aspect of political parties at the present time, renders the publication of such a Journal of great importance. Whether the present Government remain in office or another succeed it, it is the duty of the friends of Home Manufactures to see, that the present or any succeeding Ministry are sound on this question, and to demand from all parties seeking to represent the Country in either branch of the Legislature, a full exposition of their views.

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